

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 747

MARCH 22, 1884

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE





# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

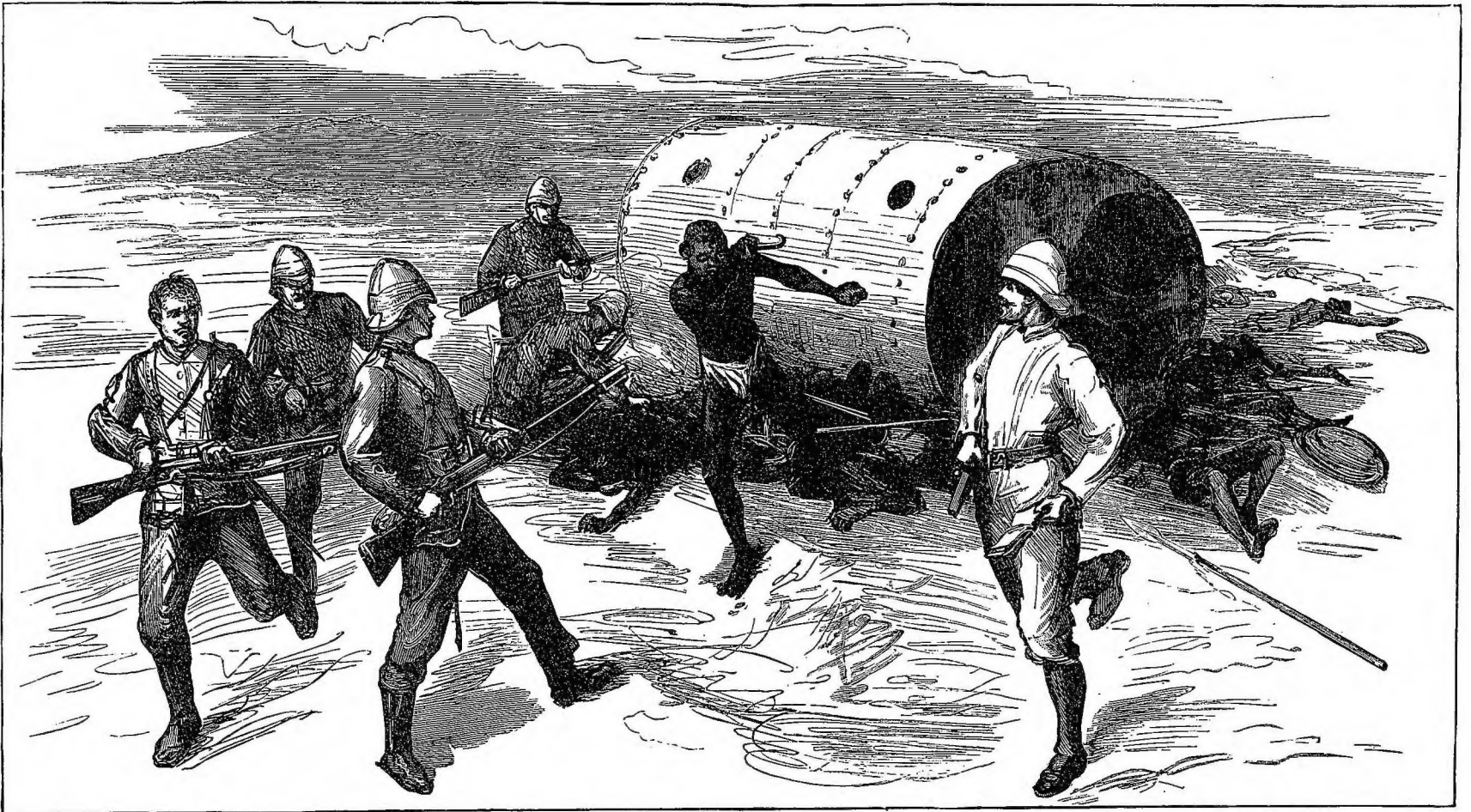
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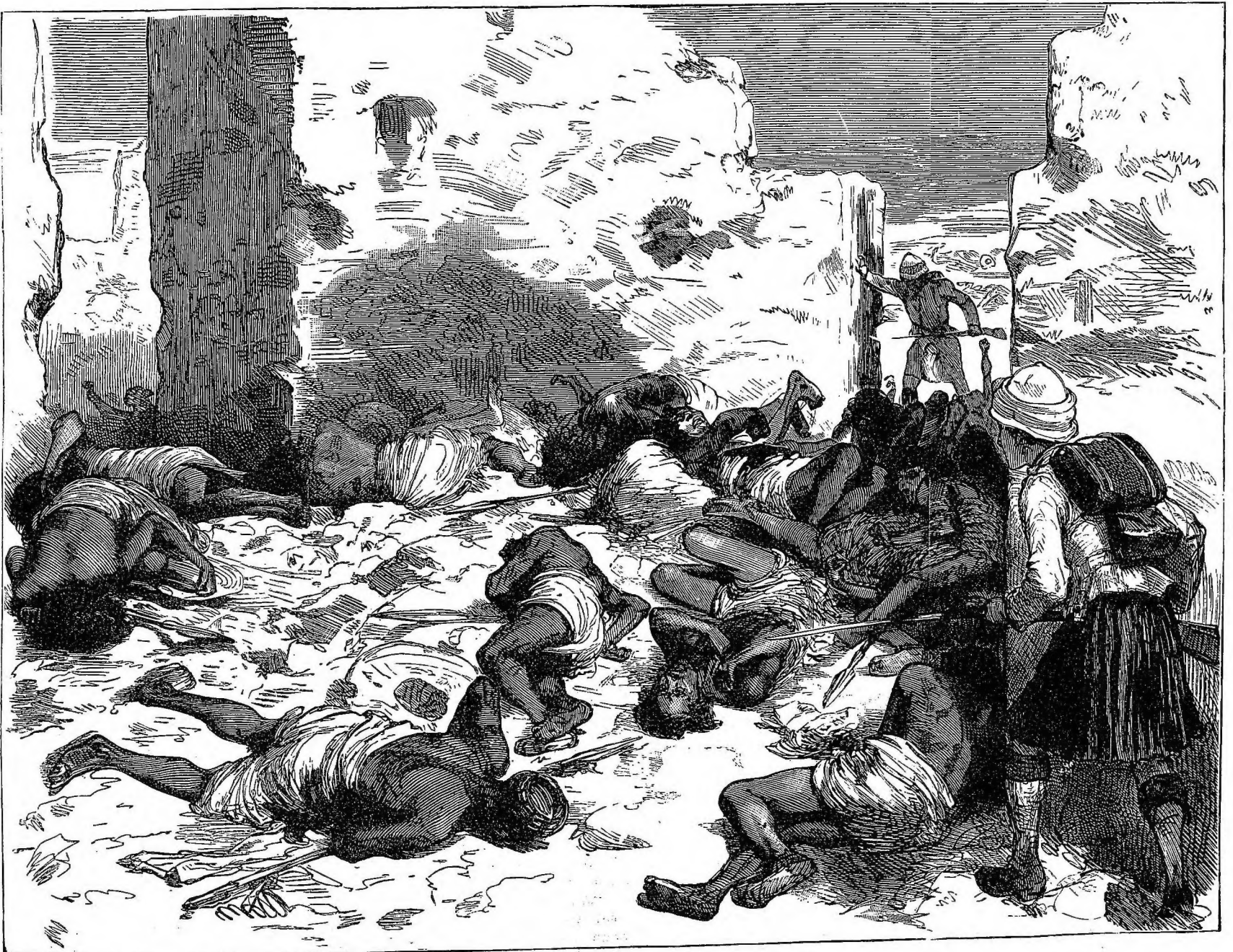
SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



SKETCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—A WOUNDED ARAB RUNNING A MUCK ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF TEB



INTERIOR OF THE SUGAR MILL IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FIGHT  
THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



## Topics of the Week

**MR. GLADSTONE.**—As the sitting of last Sunday morning showed, the spirit of partisanship rages hotly inside the House of Commons, although the public outside seems to keep remarkably cool. Rumours concerning the Premier have been flying thickly. It has been hinted that he was suffering rather from loss of temper than from loss of voice, and that his resignation was imminent. The Ministerial journals stoutly deny these injurious allegations. They declare that the Cabinet is a happy and united Cabinet, and in nothing more united than in its policy concerning Egypt and the Soudan. It must be admitted, however, that the said Cabinet displays its unanimity in a very curious fashion, doing to-day that which it refused to do yesterday, without any clear aim in view, and causing by its vacillation and indecision a needless expenditure of blood and treasure. Can these be the fruits of a united Cabinet? Is it not more likely that there is a jarring element somewhere, and that the Premier, in his eagerness to secure the support of all Liberals, whether they incline to Jingoism or Quakerism, is chiefly responsible for the feeble and halting treatment of Egyptian affairs which has prevailed since Tel-el-Kebir? There are those who whisper that this belief is entertained by some of the Premier's colleagues, and that Lords Granville and Hartington, together with Sir Charles Dilke, would be delighted if Mr. Gladstone would forthwith start upon a leisurely twelve months' trip round the world in one of Sir Donald Currie's comfortable steamers, leaving them to crack the Soudan nut as best they can. The prospects of the Franchise Bill would perhaps suffer, but its postponement for a twelvemonth would be a very moderate price to pay for the solution of the Egypto-Soudanese problem. This would be distinctly accelerated by the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from the sphere of foreign politics. He was an unrivalled Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he still shows to excellent advantage when explaining the details of a complicated measure like the Franchise Bill. But as an administrator he has been a conspicuous failure. It is enough, as a proof of this assertion, to cite four names—Ireland, Afghanistan, Transvaal, Egypt. Nor is a statesman in his seventy-fifth year likely to become less incompetent in this respect. If he could only be persuaded to confine himself to the Franchise Bill, and leave foreign affairs to some of his colleagues, it would be better both for the stability of the Ministry and of the Empire.

**"INEVITABLE REDUCTION."**—In replying to the question whether he would be willing to stand as a candidate for the representation of Leicester, Mr. Frederic Harrison took the opportunity to set forth "the great ends in politics" which he has specially at heart. One of his chief objects, it seems, is to hasten the preparations for what he calls "the inevitable reduction of the Empire." Now, there can be no doubt that in this respect Mr. Harrison represents an enthusiastic, although as yet a small and not very influential group of politicians. To them the whole tendency of our history for nearly a century and a half, so far as the external relations of England are concerned, seems to have been wrong. They regret that India was conquered; they deplore all the measures which have been taken for the strengthening of our hold over that country; they insist that as soon as possible we ought to depart, bag and baggage, from our great dependency, and leave the natives to manage their affairs in their own way. This policy has at least the advantage of being clear; its disadvantage is that those who advocate it appear to leave out of account all the most important facts connected with the subject on which they dogmatise. What harm has been done to ourselves or to the world by the creation of our vast empire? Under English rule the people of India have obtained security for life and property; and those who are best acquainted with the country predict for it a splendid future if English supremacy is maintained. On the other hand, it is certain that if we left it, either voluntarily or by compulsion, there would be innumerable competitors for power, whose conflicting claims would lead to a long period of anarchy and bloodshed. In these circumstances true humanity hardly seems to be on the side of politicians who clamour for the "reduction of the Empire." But, it is said, were our interests limited to the British Isles, we should become a very much more prosperous community. That, however, is an extremely doubtful proposition, if there be any truth in the saying about trade following the flag. Moreover, it is not proved that the capacity of the nation to deal with domestic problems is diminished by its interest in Imperial policy. England has more far-reaching responsibilities than either France or Germany; but we are not aware that Englishmen show less eagerness than Germans and Frenchmen for social and political improvement.

**MAD DOCTORS.**—Mrs. Weldon has been non-suited; but all who heard her conduct her own case against Dr. Forbes Winslow, with amusing coolness and no little ability, have probably made up their minds that she is not in any sense unfit to take care of herself. However, two or three facts which

came out on evidence at this trial suggest some rather serious reflections. It is not pleasant to think of a doctor being allowed by law to sign a certificate for the admission of an alleged lunatic into an asylum in which he is pecuniarily interested. In France, and in most other Continental countries, it is expressly forbidden that a doctor who is proprietor of an asylum, or physician to it, should sign a certificate admitting a patient to that asylum. Again, it is highly undesirable that the doctors who examine an alleged lunatic should be partners or associates—as, for instance, one of the two employing the other, and that they should visit the patient together. The examination ought to be conducted by two doctors separately; and, seeing how immense is the power which rests with any doctor under the present state of the law to deprive a person of his liberty, it will have to be considered some day whether a sort of medical magistracy might not be instituted. The power of committing to asylums might then be vested only in a certain number of doctors within any county or parish—say, in doctors of at least seven years' standing, and of established practice, and especially in doctors having no connection whatever with asylums. Another little fact which will have struck people who read Dr. Forbes Winslow's evidence is the nice round sums charged by the proprietors of sundry asylums. Considering how plainly the patients in these houses are fed, how very inexpensive is the furniture of their rooms, and how slight is the medical attendance which most of them require, ten guineas a week is surely fine pay.

**TWO ST. PATRICK'S DAY SPEECHES.**—There were two Irish gatherings on the 17th inst., held almost within a stone's throw of each other, which are interesting by force of contrast. Lord Wolseley, who took the chair at the Freemasons' Tavern, on behalf of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, deprecated the dislike which had been aroused against the Irish by the recent outrages, and said that there were thousands of loyal Irishmen who were ready to die, if need be, in defence of the Union. On the other hand, at the Holborn Restaurant two hundred Irish gentlemen dined together under the presidency of Mr. Parnell, who showed their respect for the Crown by omitting all the usual loyal toasts, and substituting therefor, "Ireland, a Nation," which sentiment, indeed, formed the theme of Mr. Parnell's speech. We ask at once, Is this resuscitation, or rather this creation—for it is doubtful whether Ireland was ever a homogeneous nation—really attainable, except at the price of conspiracies, murders, and an eventual civil war? Because if not, this dreamy talk had better be abandoned for more practical objects. Even if the people of Ireland were all of one race and religion, and if England were willing to let her go (which, to say truth, many of us are), it is unlikely that Ireland could be made a very successful specimen of an independent nation. Small nations nowadays only exist through the forbearance or the jealousies of their bigger neighbours, and Ireland can only be a small nation. Then she is deficient in minerals; and though Mr. Parnell talks of her unequalled climate, it is notoriously too wet and uncertain for the successful produce of cereals. Erin had better make up her mind to walk cheerfully hand in hand with her sisters, Britannia and Caledonia, and to enjoy with them the advantages of that vast Dominion which, in all parts of the world, has been built up by the energies of her children as well as of theirs, and which therefore is the joint heritage of the three United Kingdoms.

**ACRIMONY IN POLITICS.**—No one interested in public affairs can fail to remark the extraordinary bitterness with which political disputes are carried on at the present time in Parliament. That the Government has committed many serious blunders is obvious enough; but twenty, or even ten, years ago, such errors as it has been guilty of would have been condemned in language of comparative dignity and moderation. Now there is scarcely any limit to the abuse directed against Ministers, and Conservatives are answered in their own extravagant spirit by thorough-going partisans of the other side. For a parallel to the excitement and violence which prevail in the political world we must go back a long way in our history—probably to the times when there was still a possibility of a second Restoration of the Stuarts. It can hardly be pretended even by the most ardent of professional politicians that the country is likely to benefit by this state of things. The consideration of grave public questions is certainly not rendered more easy by virulent denunciation; and strife and clamour do not tend to make politics attractive to the classes which are best fitted to arrive at sober and rational judgments about the conditions of national welfare. The responsibility for the vehemence which every sensible man deplors must be borne to a large extent by Mr. Gladstone, who in his attacks on the late Government set the example which is now being so extensively followed. It was foretold at the time that his furious assaults would not be forgotten, and that if an opportunity ever offered itself the measure which he meted to his opponents would be measured to him again. Fortunately, there are still prominent statesmen, both Tories and Liberals, who strive to maintain the best traditions of English political life; and it must be hoped that, sooner or later, they will be able to impose some restraint on the ferocity of less scrupulous combatants.

**MR. BELT.**—Sir Baliol Brett's judgments are always stamped with the plainest sense, and his summing-up on the Belt case formulated just the opinion which the public longed to hear judicially given on that tiresome lawsuit. Most people will be very glad to see Mr. Belt's detractors pay dearly for the sport in which they indulged of "drawing" their enemy, and then hunting him from Court to Court. It is also most satisfactory for the public to know that the Court of Appeal will not set the verdicts of juries aside by refinements of legal casuistry. Mr. Belt was wantonly attacked by a charge which must have ruined him if proved. A jury, after long inquiry, decided the charge was not substantiated, and, under the circumstances, the award of 5,000*l.* to compensate the plaintiff for his worries, his loss of time, and his temporary decrease of income, gave not a penny too much. The case should never have gone beyond the first Court. The pertinacity of Mr. Belt's opponents, their relentless determination to make the most of a long purse in a trumpery cause, have done much to win over public opinion to Mr. Belt's side, and the only matter for regret is that so many extraneous issues should have been opened out of a perfectly simple case by the judges who were disposed to grant a rule for a new trial. It is refreshing to compare the cool, limpid exposition of the Master of the Rolls with the cloudy dissertations of Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Denman, who both succeeded in making a very common affair look for a while utterly mystifying.

**OSMAN DIGMA'S HEAD.**—Despite its gay trappings, War is in reality a brutal business, and therefore the utmost care should be taken, especially when fighting against savages or semi-savages, not to aggravate its inevitable brutality. Men of Anglo-Saxon blood are usually humane and considerate when dealing with enemies who have white skins, but woe to the foe if his complexion should be sooty or coppery. The "damned nigger" sentiment—which makes Englishmen so beloved in India—then comes into play, and all sorts of atrocities become possible. Contrast the Fenian Rising in Ireland in 1867 with the Jamaica Revolt of 1865. Not a single rebel's life was forfeited in Ireland; imprisonment was the severest penalty inflicted, and some of the persons thus imprisoned have survived to show (by dynamite and other conspiracies) their gratitude to the British Government for its leniency. In Jamaica the reprisals on the negroes were so terrible, the floggings and hangings so numerous, that an intense feeling of horror and indignation was aroused in this country. In the Soudan Campaign there is no improvement visible in our treatment of dark-skinned races. Even on the tyrant's plea, necessity, it is not easy to understand why we need slaughter these reckless Arabs. If our object be merely the possession of the seacoast, our naval and military officers must be worth very little if they could not make Suakim and half-a-dozen other places impregnable against these savages. But the pugnacious instinct is strong; and, once give a general *carte blanche*, he and his men crave to use against creatures of flesh and blood instead of against senseless targets those terrible engines of destruction which science has invented. The Government have promptly withdrawn the proclamation against Osman Digma. It was worthy of the Middle Ages, and should never have been issued, but its stigma will remain. Nor, after the efforts which have been successfully made to abolish flogging in our own army, is it pleasant to read of Egyptian soldiers being tied up and flogged wholesale under orders from British officers. Altogether, our present Government, with all its horror of Lord Beaconsfield's warlike tendencies, has been the cause of bringing death and misery to many a household both in North and South Africa.

**TECHNICAL EDUCATION.**—We may soon expect to have before us the Report of the Royal Commission on Technical Education; and no doubt it will mark an important era in our industrial development. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to find, from the Annual Report issued the other day by the Council of the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, that great progress has already been made in the practical treatment of the questions which the Commission was appointed to investigate. It is hoped that, in the course of the present year, a splendid central institution for the training of teachers will be opened in South Kensington; and for some time excellent work has been done at the Finsbury Technical College and at the South London School of Technical Art. All over the country the labours of the Institute have been watched with interest; and from many different towns it has received applications for help, to which it has responded with as much liberality as the funds at its disposal have rendered possible. The movement is one from which brilliant results may be confidently expected. In a good many industries England has lately been outstripped by her Continental rivals; and the explanation, of course, is that we have hitherto devoted less attention than some of our competitors to the scientific aspects of the practical arts. There can be no doubt whatever that we shall be able to hold our own if we afford adequate opportunities for the exact discipline, both of brain and hand, which is required by modern methods. The Institute asks the City and Livery Companies for generous aid in its work; and it will be very surprising if the request is not granted. The whole commercial community, indeed, ought to be eager to support a body which is doing so much to promote its interests.



**CREMATION.**—A judge has declared that cremation is lawful; but the Home Secretary, the police, and all other persons experienced in the ways of criminals assert it to be inexpedient. It is obvious that a poisoner would rather burn his victim than bury him, and it is hardly to be doubted that if cremation were allowed, without better precautions than are used at present for verifying the causes of death, poisonings might become more frequent. But we must remember that in a densely-populated country like ours, the annual interment of over two million persons means the storage underground of a mass of animal decomposition which may do serious injury to the living. This is the unpleasant medical way of putting the case, and there is every reason to believe that, if we burned our dead, several mysterious diseases which now baffle diagnosis, but which are thought to come from miasmas, would decrease. This being so, no legal obstacles should be placed in the way of those persons who have overcome the long-standing prejudice against cremation; the law should simply frame regulations for the management of cremation-houses, and for the examination of bodies brought to them. Dissection would not be necessary in every case; the antecedent circumstances of death would be considered; and we are inclined to think that the mere dread of a possible *post-mortem* would operate as a deterrent upon poisoners. It is to be feared that, as things go, many murders by poison remain undetected, for, except when a death has been very sudden, or attended by most suspicious circumstances, the doctor's certificate for burial is given with but little inquiry. A doctor has to trust the account of a patient's friends as to how an illness began, and even if his suspicions are excited, he may hesitate to give expression to them, lest he should make a mistake, and ruin his own character by a hasty accusation. Therefore any system of examination which should be enacted as a preliminary to cremation would really protect society better than the lax customs now in force.

**WONDERFUL WEATHER.**—Nathaniel Hawthorne said that the English climate was the best thing we had, and the only thing we did not brag about. People are really very ungrateful about English weather. Besides its sterling advantages—which none will more cheerfully admit than those who have experienced the exhausting heat, the biting cold, the storms, the earthquakes, the insect-plagues of other countries—our climate is full of delightful surprises. In spite of the professional forecasters, we never know what a day may bring forth. In 1882-3 we had a very mild winter, followed by a most bitter March. On only six days during that month did the thermometer fail to fall below the freezing point, and on Easter Even there were twelve degrees of frost. This year again we have had a very mild winter but March thus far has behaved more like a lamb than a lion. The weather between Saturday and Thursday last resembled that of an average September, indeed there were many days much colder last July. When people talk, however, of such weather being unprecedented, it shows that they have short memories. Only two years ago, from March 13th to the 20th inclusive, the thermometer rose each day above 60 deg., and once to 65 deg. For a similar mild period in March we must go back to 1871, when on the 3rd a temperature of 64 deg. was recorded, and on the 24th of 71 deg. These abnormal temperatures are certainly not due to the heat of the sun at the place where they occur. It is more probable that some warm equatorial current sailing aloft has suddenly settled down in our midst. Or electrical agency, causing sudden expansion or compression of the air, may produce these exceptional heats or chills. On all these interesting subjects, our knowledge is at present confessedly very imperfect.

**DEER FORESTS AND THE PUBLIC.**—During the last few years a great deal has been said about the hardships inflicted on crofters by the formation of vast deer forests in the Scottish Highlands. The subject deserves all the attention it has received; but it is not the only aspect of "The Deer Forest Question." Another aspect of it is that the owners of these forests are apt to have very decided notions of their own about the claims of tourists. Moors and mountains depastured by sheep and cattle are not supposed to be in any way sacred; the botanist, the geologist, and the traveller in search of health and recreation are allowed to roam over them at pleasure. As soon as deer appear upon the scene, new rules begin to be enforced. The proprietor usually discovers that strangers have no right to be mooning about in the neighbourhood of his estates; and gamekeepers receive rigid instructions as to the treatment which is to be accorded to intruders. Perhaps a tourist boldly expostulates with the great man's servants, and ventures to point out that from time immemorial the public have been allowed to go freely to the tann, or strath, or hill-top which he desires to approach. He is informed that the deer must not be disturbed, and it is assumed that by the very word "deer" he will be impressed and subdued. In some districts a good fight has been made for what are held by the landless class to be ancient rights; but the subject cannot be satisfactorily dealt with by private individuals, and we are glad to see that Mr. Bryce has undertaken to submit it to Parliament. His Bill is fair and moderate, and if the owners of deer-forests are wise they will not reject the compromise he offers them.

**ESQUIRES.**—Some undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge have started a movement for abolishing the title of Esquire. The attempt has been made before, and were it successful it would confer a boon on the postmasters of out-of-the-way continental towns, who persist in regarding the term "Esq." as a surname. But no one else would be benefited, and we should not be nearer to equality because we fell back upon the title of "Mr.," which is really more aristocratic than "Esq.," for it is an abbreviation of "Messire," itself contracted from "Monseigneur," or "My Lord." The Russians have no equivalent for "Mr." and "Mrs.," and if we adopted their fashion we should address one another as "John Williamson," "Jane Johnsdauhter," &c., the rule being that to the interlocutor's Christian name should be added that of his father. But then the Russians compensate for this appearance of equalitarianism by the use of such titles as "Your high nobility," and by tacking on military or official grades. This is also what the Americans do, conferring brevet military rank, indeed, so freely that, as Mark Twain said of a countryman who threw a stick at his dog in the streets of Charleston, "He missed the dog but hit four colonels." Titles lose their value by vulgarisation, and a time may come when, Esquireships having fallen into disrepute, every Englishman of decent position will usurp the style of "Lord." It is certain that every age will coin some expression by which men of superior station may be marked out from others, and those young men who hope to level us all to the simplicity which even the Quakers have found inconvenient should remember the reproof which M. Dupin, who was President of the French National Assembly in 1848, administered in a neat Alexandrine to some Republicans who wanted to drop the style of "Monsieur" for that of "Citizen." He said, "*Appelons nous Messieurs, et soyons citoyens.*"



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#### THE SECOND BATTLE OF TEB

LANDING THE TROOPS AT TRINKITAT

FOR several days preceding the battle of February 29th, the troops were conveyed in transports from Suakim to Trinkitat, whence, following the line of march of General Baker, General Graham and his troops were to advance upon Osman Digma's forces. Trinkitat proper only consists of a long slip of land, separated from the mainland by a shallow lagoon, some two miles in width. On Feb. 28 the whole army had disembarked, crossed the lagoon, and bivouacked round Fort Baker on the mainland, ready for the march next morning. The troops consisted of 3,000 infantry—York and Lancaster (65th) Regiment, Gordon Highlanders (75th), Rifles, Irish Fusiliers, Black Watch (42nd), Royal Artillerymen, Engineers and Marines; 750 mounted troops—11th and 19th Hussars and Mounted Infantry; 115 Blue-jackets, six machine guns (Gardners and Gatlings), and eight Royal Artillery seven-pounders.

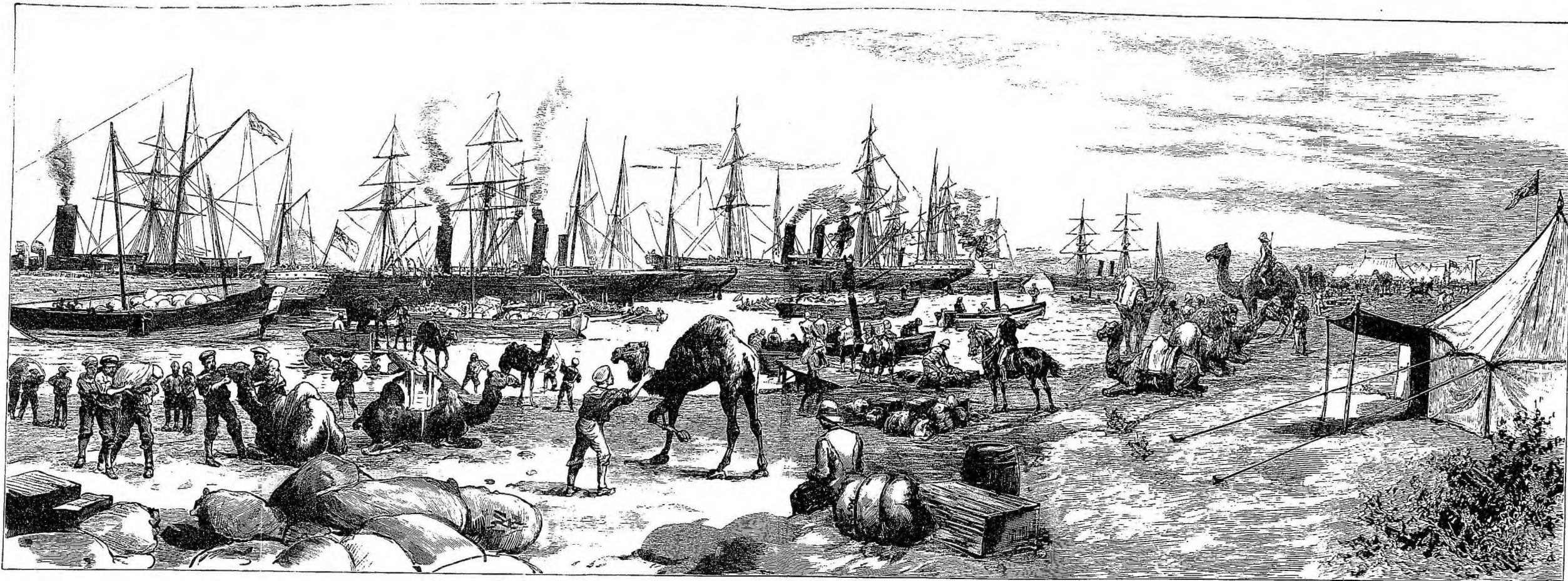
#### THE ADVANCE OF THE SQUARE

ON Friday, February 29th, at 8 A.M., the troops began their advance forward. The order of march and of battle was a hollow square, or rather, to be more correct, an oblong, of which the Gordon Highlanders formed the front face, the Irish Fusiliers and the Rifles the right face, the 65th and the Marines the left face, while the Black Watch brought up the rear. At the right corner were two Gardner guns and a Gatling, on the left were two Gatlings and a Gardner, while at the two rear corners were four camel battery guns manned by the Royal Artillery. The whole square was about 250 yards broad by 150 yards deep. A portion of the mounted men were sent forward as scouts, but the main body of cavalry followed in the rear. When the square had begun its march a little more to the right than Baker's direct march upon Tokar, H.M.S. *Sphinx* fired several shells to protect the left flank, but, as her missiles fell dangerously short, she was at once signalled to desist. As the scouts rode on, the advanced posts of the enemy retired, and for two hours the march was conducted without incident, with the exception of a few brief halts. At ten o'clock, however, the enemy's main position, a low hill, surmounted by an old sugar mill, which had been strongly entrenched, where a fort had been erected, and where their banners could be seen flying, was neared, the pipers of the Black Watch struck up a lively strain, and in a few minutes, the scouts having been seen to halt, the square halted, and the order was given to fix bayonets. The enemy could be clearly seen, the black faces of the advanced outposts gleaming from behind their shelter-points of earthworks, bushes, and sand-hillocks. On the order to march being given, this time still further to the right in order to turn the enemy's main position, the enemy opened fire with rifles and two Krupp guns, which did some little execution in our ranks, General Baker being amongst the wounded. Fortunately, however, the aim was generally too high.

#### THE ATTACK ON THE FIRST POSITION

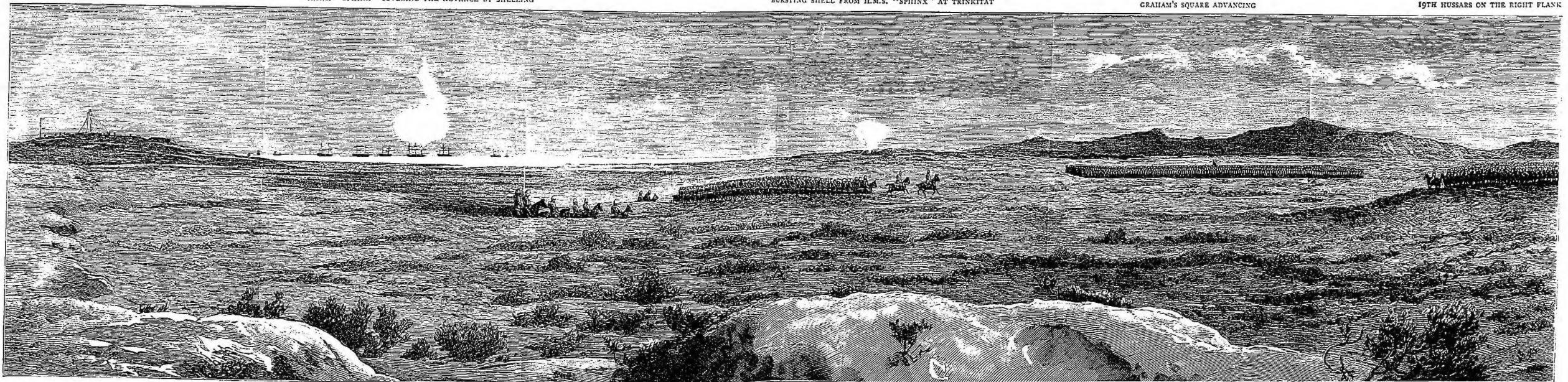
HAVING reached the left rear of the enemy the square halted, the men were ordered to lie down, the machine guns and camel batteries returned the enemy's fire, and in about half-an-hour caused it to slacken very considerably. The order was then once more given to advance, and the square marched deliberately upon the enemy's rear, the Black Watch being now in the front rank. A hot fire greeted the troops as they moved forward, but as they drew near the enemy dropped their guns, and seizing their spears and shields, rushed upon our troops, and a most deadly hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The Arabs were mowed down like grass, but still came on with unsubdued vigour, leaping up in scores from concealed rifle-pits. The courage of the Arabs, writes the *Times* correspondent, was incredible: "Sometimes in groups, sometimes even singly, they hurled themselves against that wall of bayonets with its curtain of flame." For half an hour this terrible slaughter continued, but the infantry fire and the hail from the Gardner guns proved too much even for these bravest of foes, and they showed signs of falling back. A rush was then made by the square for the fort, the Naval Brigade being led by Admiral Hewett himself, Colonel Burnaby, who had been wounded, and had his horse shot under him, being the first in. Then ensued another hand-to-hand fight, the enemy being finally driven out, and two Krupp guns—loot from General Baker's force—were captured and turned upon





GENERAL GRAHAM'S FORCE LANDING AT TRINKITAT FOR THE ADVANCE ON TEB, FEBRUARY 29

FORT BAKER, NEAR TRINKITAT      H.M.S. "SPHINX" COVERING THE ADVANCE BY SHELLING      BURSTING SHELL FROM H.M.S. "SPHINX" AT TRINKITAT      GRAHAM'S SQUARE ADVANCING      19TH HUSSARS ON THE RIGHT FLANK



BRITISH WAR SHIPS AND TRANSPORTS AT TRINKITAT

19TH HUSSARS ADVANCING

EL. TEB, OR THE WELLS

ADVANCE OF GENERAL GRAHAM'S SQUARE TOWARDS THE ENEMY'S POSITION AT TEB, FEBRUARY 29

# THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—GENERAL GRAHAM'S ADVANCE FOR THE RELIEF OF TOKAR

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



the foes. The sugar-mill and a huge iron boiler were next stormed, the enemy never showing any signs of yielding, and preferring death to flight. Finally, however, they commenced to retreat upon Teb. A halt of our troops was then called, the square reformed, and a cavalry charge swept down upon the Arabs with but little success. In this the greatest loss of officers occurred—Major Slade and Lieutenant Probyn falling amongst the others. The advance was then resumed upon the enemy's position at the Wells of Teb, which was stubbornly defended by the enemy with two Krupp guns. Another terrible conflict then took place, and every foot was contested, the Arabs springing up from rifle pits and bush clumps in every direction.

#### THE FINAL CONFLICT

THE advance was made slowly though surely and steadily, the enemy sturdily refusing to fly, and meeting death with true fanatical contempt; but in about an hour, at 2 P.M., the whole ground was cleared, and the Wells were in our hands. There two more Krupp guns were found and a Gatling, together with the camp. The fighting lasted three hours, during which our troops fought with great skill and discipline. "The close of the fight," the *Standard* correspondent wrote, "was announced by a loud cheer from the Gordon Highlanders as they passed out at the front of the enemy's position." The cavalry were then despatched for a short distance after the fugitives, not that the latter, however, could be said to "flee." They retired slowly, and struck at the troopers as the latter rode past them. The troops were ordered to bivouack at the Wells for the night. Our loss was 30 killed, and 142 wounded. That of the enemy was estimated at 2,000.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE

THIS sketch shows the narrow escape of our special artist, Mr. Villiers. He writes:—"Your artist was sketching a pile of dead where the natives had made a stand round a huge boiler, when the dead man of whom he had just made a sketch suddenly came to life, sprang in the air, drew a dagger from his girdle, and made for your special artist, and two or three soldiers. The artist as well as the warriors of Albion ran till we were able to recover the shock and prepare ourselves for defence, when Tommy Atkins on my left put a cartridge in his rifle, and a bullet through our pursuer. He was only a boy, but with fanatical fury stabbed out right and left, no sooner missing one victim than making for another, and succeeded before he was shot in wounding a soldier."

#### THE RELIEF OF TOKAR

OUR sketches of the Relief of Tokar and the expedition to Dubbah are by Major G. D. Giles, who, since the arrival of the British troops, has been attached to the 10th Hussars. At nine on the morning of March 1, the day following the battle of Teb, the British force having bivouacked at the Wells during the night, advanced upon Tokar. The march forward was conducted with great caution, and it was not until 2.30, when close upon the town, that fire was opened by the enemy on the scouts. The Arabs, however, did not wait to be attacked this time, but fled out of the town in the direction of Suakim. As soon as they had gone the townsmen and the remainder of the Egyptian garrison (about seventy) came streaming out to meet the British troops, with a flag of truce at their head, kissing and embracing the soldiers' hands and garments, and exhibiting all the symptoms of intense joy, vowing that their lives had been saved, as the Arabs intended to massacre them before leaving, had it not been for the too-speedy arrival of the troops. It was then ascertained that the Krupps the previous day had been worked by some gunners of the Tokar garrison, who had been compelled by the Arabs to fight against us. Plenty of provisions and ammunition were found in the town.

#### THE EXPEDITION TO DUBBAH

NEXT day (Sunday, March 2nd) General Graham and his Staff went to Dubbah, a large village some five miles from Tokar. "There, outside the town," writes the *Times* correspondent, "a wonderful sight met our eyes. In some large huts were stacked a quantity of rifles, and close by were Baker Pasha's missing Gatlings and mountain gun. Round about, and in every hut, lay more rifles, heaps of bayonets, cartridges, portmanteaus, saddlery, clothes, stationery, material and remnants of all kinds—all taken from the equipment of Baker's army. Clothes were there, pierced with spears, papers, medical instruments, band instruments, and all manner of articles quite useless to the rebels. . . . Here and there in the huts were recently-dug holes, showing where money had been deposited. The number of rifles exceeded 1,500. These were at once destroyed by the soldiers." All the guns lost by Baker Pasha were thus recovered. The Expedition then returned to Tokar, which appears to be a mere mud-walled town, and incapable of holding its own against a force with the smallest modicum of artillery.

#### LORD TENNYSON TAKING HIS SEAT

ON Tuesday, March 11th, Baron Tennyson, of Aldworth in the county of Sussex, and Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, took his seat with the customary formalities. The noble lord, who wore scarlet and ermine robes (borrowed from Lord Coleridge, his own having mysteriously gone astray), was introduced by the Duke of Argyll and Lord Kenmare (Lord Chamberlain), and attended by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod and Garter King-at-Arms. The Royal Letters Patent creating the title having been read by the Clerk at the table, the new Peer took the Oath and subscribed the Roll, after which he was conducted in the usual manner to a seat on the Barons' bench. Having remained there a few moments, he was escorted through the House to the Lord Chancellor, who shook hands with him. He then withdrew to the robing-room. Very few Peers were present during the ceremony, as it was supposed it would not take place till near five o'clock, instead of soon after four.

#### THE DEATH OF CETEWAYO

ALTHOUGH nominally called "Prime Minister," Cetewayo was virtually King of Zululand for many years before the death of his father Panda, which took place in 1873. In that year Cetewayo was crowned in the presence of the British Secretary for Native Affairs, Mr. (afterwards Sir T.) Shepstone. Some years after, in 1878, Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Cape Colony, put forth that memorable declaration, which has been the source of incalculable misery and misfortune, that Cetewayo's military power was a menace to Natal and the Transvaal. War followed. The Zulus fought like heroes. They beat us at Isandlana; we barely held our own at Rorke's Drift; we beat them at Ulundi. Cetewayo fled, was captured, and detained in honourable captivity at Cape Town. He longed to come to England to lay his case before the Queen. His prayer was granted, and he was reinstated. But the restoration was effected in a half-hearted fashion; he was supported by no British force, and consequently John Dunn and the other kinglets who had been appointed in his absence revolted against his authority, a bloody war took place, Cetewayo fled wounded to the bush, and, when he emerged, had lost all his old influence. He was induced by the Natal authorities to come and live in the "Reserve," but they declined to grant him the independent inquiry which he demanded. He had already shown symptoms of heart-disease, and no doubt the anxieties and misfortunes of his latter days hastened his end. He died at 4.30 P.M. on Friday, Feb. 8th, in his camp at Eshowe.

Our engraving is from a sketch by Major A. C. M'Kean, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, stationed at Fort Curtis, Eshowe. He says:—"The scene of Cetewayo's death was an ordinary Kaffir kraal, on the poles of which were suspended his various household utensils, gourds, spoons, pillow, &c. After death he was tied up in a sitting posture, wrapped in a large blanket, and secured in it with hide thongs. His girls remained round him watching in the attitude of submission which they assumed during life, with the exception of one who was sitting down. A small inflated bladder was tied on the top of his head. The household utensils, snuff-boxes, &c., were all buried with him."

#### "THE EMPTY CHAIR"

THIS is a picture to which different persons may give different interpretations as regards the position held by the personage who formerly occupied the chair, and for whom the young lady and her four-footed companion are mourning with perhaps equal intensity and sincerity. We do not even know the sex of the person in question, but we may presume that he was a man, that he died young, or at least in the prime of life, and that he stood in a very intimate relation—as husband or lover—to the fair girl who stands so disconsolate beside "the empty chair."

#### BARON TENNYSON

See page 290.

#### BANISHMENT OF THE QUAKERS FROM MASSACHUSETTS

A FEW words of explanation may cause some of our readers more fully to appreciate Mr. Whittier's pathetic poem (page 290), which accompanies our engraving.

It is difficult for us easy-going latitudinarian moderns to realise the hatred and horror with which our forefathers regarded heresy; and it is especially difficult to understand how the Puritans, who had gone to America chiefly that they might worship God in their own way, free from the interference of such bigots as Archbishop Laud, could themselves become such persecutors of the Quakers.

One thing may be cited in palliation. These early Quakers were not such staid, quiet creatures as modern "broad-brims." They were very fanatical, they breathed out (spiritual) threats of fire and sword against their opponents, and they indulged in strange vagaries, even to the extent of going stark naked.

Massachusetts took the lead in persecuting them. They were banished under most severe penalties, and if, as often, they persisted in returning, they were mercilessly flogged, and in some cases hanged. These enormities took place chiefly between 1656 and 1661. When the restored Monarchy of England had leisure to attend to colonial affairs, these severities were discontinued.

#### "DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 285.



THE PREMIER is suffering from an attack of laryngeal catarrh, which has deprived him of the use of his voice, and prevented him from attending the House of Commons and Cabinet Councils during the last week. On Wednesday he left town for a sojourn, expected to be brief, at Coombe, near Wimbledon.

A NUMBER of MEETINGS of Liberal organisations have been held during the week, and at many of them resolutions have been passed expressing confidence in the Government, and protesting against "obstruction" in the House of Commons. At some of them the Liberal members who voted for Mr. Labouchere's motion on Saturday have been censured. At others, the Government have been called on to withdraw the troops from the Soudan, and, as early as possible, from Egypt Proper.

PRESIDING AND SPEAKING, on Wednesday, at the House Dinner of the National Liberal Club, Sir Charles Dilke said that the country was practically unanimous in approving of the moderate Reform Bill of the Government, who were determined not to be stayed in the great reform which they had proposed.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, on Wednesday, of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Liberal Association, the Chairman referred to an intimation which he had just received of the probability of a compromise between Mr. Chamberlain and the shipowners in regard to the Merchant Shipping Bill. By this the insurance claims would be referred to a Select Committee, on the understanding that the remainder of the Bill is to go immediately before the Grand Committee on Trade.

THE PRINCE OF WALES presided at the annual meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which has completed the sixtieth year of its useful existence. The report stated that the Institution had under its management 274 lifeboats, which last year saved 725 lives and 30 vessels. In a brief and effective speech the Prince of Wales reviewed the beneficent operations of the Institution, and urged its claims to public support. Already this year, His Royal Highness observed, it had saved 300 lives. In moving the adoption of the report, the Duke of Argyll said that, except in the Humber, there was no good harbour between the Thames and the Forth—a deficiency which deserved the attention of Parliament, and which he hoped to see remedied. His Grace spoke approvingly of the grant of anerooids made by the Institution to the poorer shipowners, and referring to the success of recent experiments, suggested that each lifeboat should be furnished with a cask of oil.

LORD WOLSELEY PRESIDED and spoke on St. Patrick's Day at the 101st Anniversary Festival of the Benevolent Society called after that saint. Eulogising the gallantry of our troops in the Soudan, he said that if, as we were told, our army was composed of boys, boys, like port wine, improved by keeping, and should these boys be kept for a few years they would be wonderful boys indeed. Moreover, the Army received every year a better class of men. A commanding officer had told him that in his one regiment there were no fewer than thirty gentlemen in the ranks.

AT AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN THIS WEEK in South Hackney to two hundred blind persons from all parts of London, the Postmaster-General delivered an interesting, and naturally a sympathetic, address. He suggested the appointment of a Commission to inquire how the methods and organisation of the agencies existing for the relief of the blind could be improved. In a general way, Mr. Fawcett observed, by far the greatest kindness which the friends of the blind can do them is to treat them as if they could see; for instance, when walking with them to talk to them about the people they may pass, and the landscape that may be in view, just as we would to one who could see.

ASSIGNING REASONS why he declines to become a candidate for the representation of Leicester, Mr. Frederic Harrison winds up by saying that in his opinion the problems of the day require social more than legislative solutions, and as his interest lies mainly with the former, he does not seek the honour of a seat in Parliament.

AT THE MEETING this week of the City Commissioners of Sewers and in reply to a question put by a member, Dr. Saunders, the Medical Officer of the City, made a statement strongly recommending, from a sanitary point of view, but under certain restrictions, the substitution of cremation for burial. Notice was given of a motion for the appointment of a Select Committee to report on the advisability of erecting a crematorium in Ilford Cemetery.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR is to be President of the British Association at its meeting in Aberdeen this year.

DR. FREEMAN, the well-known historian of the Norman Conquest, and strenuous opponent of Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy, is to succeed Dr. Stubbs, the new Bishop of Chester, in the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford.

AS ANOTHER TRIBUTE on his resignation of the office of Superintendent of Natural History in the British Museum, Professor Sir Richard Owen has received a complimentary address, in acknowledgment of his services to science, from the Geologists' Association of London, of which he is a member.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT for 1883 of the University of Cambridge shows a profit on both the Local Lectures and the Local Examinations.

AT A MEETING OF THE LONDON RATEPAYERS to protest against the expenditure of the London School Board, Canon Gregory maintained that it supplied more school accommodation than was required, and warned the ratepayers against allowing useful Voluntary Schools to be destroyed by the competition of Board Schools. The policy of the Board was defended by the Chairman of its Industrial Schools Committee. Ultimately the proceedings of the meeting became stormy, when it was addressed by Mr. Ramsey, recently imprisoned for blasphemy. The resolutions condemnatory of the Board appear to have been carried.

THE CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN IRELAND was attended by comparatively little disturbance. At an Irish Banquet in London, Mr. Parnell, proposing the toast of Ireland as a nation, predicted the speedy approach of a celebration of the day on Irish soil, under the protection of an Irish Parliament.

AT A SPECIALLY-SUMMONED and largely-attended meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, a resolution to petition Parliament against the ratification of the Congo Treaty was carried by a great majority over an amendment, recommending postponement of action until after further communication with the Foreign Office.

ON TUESDAY a handsome memorial to Samuel Pepys was unveiled in the Church of St. Olave's, in which he worshipped and erected a memorial to his wife. After some remarks from the Rector, the American Minister, in the unavoidable absence of the First Lord of the Admiralty (to which the diarist was Secretary), delivered an address, pronouncing Pepys to have been the veriest type of Philistine and bourgeois, but his "Diary" to be one of the most delightful books in the English or any other language. Among those present were the Master of Pepys's Cambridge College, Magdalen, and the Master, Warden, and Court of the Clothworkers' Company, of which he was a Master. The memorial was unveiled by Admiral Sir Richard Collinson as Deputy-Master of the Trinity House, of which Pepys was an Elder Brother and Master.

IN ONE of the most charming and growing of London suburbs, Dulwich, a new park is promised. The Estates Governors of Dulwich College contemplate presenting to the public, as a recreation ground, seventy acres of the College land.

THE THAMES CONSERVANCY, having succeeded in procuring the withdrawal of the Bill for the construction of a lock below Richmond, are to do something, it seems, towards deepening the river in that neighbourhood, and intend to remove, at a cost of 20,000*l.*, the mud-banks between Teddington and Isleworth.

A DISCOVERY has been made, during excavations at Chelsea, of a well-preserved portion of the arched subterranean communication which was known to have run northward in the direction of Kensington from the Manor House, Winchester Palace, and Shrewsbury House. The Manor House at Chelsea, in the grounds formerly attached to which the discovery was made, was erected by Henry VIII. for the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth.

BARONESS LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD was buried on Sunday in Willesden Cemetery. The large assemblage of mourners included representatives of the Jewish charitable and educational institutions.

TO THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK belongs the death of the Dowager Countess of Darney, in her eightieth year; of Lord Mostyn, Lord-Lieutenant of Merionethshire, at the advanced age of eighty-nine; of Lord Falkland (a descendant of the Cavalier-hero), formerly Governor of Bombay, in his eighty-first year; of General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, in his seventy-third year, who distinguished himself in the China War of 1841 and in the Crimean War, and as the Major-General commanding the Dublin district in the Fenian rising of 1867, afterwards preceding Lord Chelmsford in the command of the forces at the Cape; of Mr. James White, a very wealthy, prominent, and munificent Glasgow citizen, who subscribed 5,000*l.* to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank; of Madame Anna Bishop, the vocalist; and of that veteran writer, Mr. R. H. Horne, in his eighty-second year. Mr. Horne's career was as varied as his authorship was versatile. He began active life by seeing considerable service in the Mexican Navy during the South American struggle for independence, and ended it in the official service of the Government of Victoria as Commissioner of the Gold Fields and otherwise. He was the author of a number of dramas, mostly unacted, and of poems, among them "Orion," an epic, which he published at a farthing, and which had an enormous sale. One of the most striking of his prose writings was "A New Spirit of the Age," of which the conception and the title were borrowed from Hazlitt's well-known work, its contents being sketches and estimates of eminent contemporaries. He had resided in England since 1869, and in 1874 Lord Beaconsfield conferred on him a Civil List pension of 100*l.* a year.

A MOVEMENT FOR ERECTING A MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL COLIGNY, the Huguenot leader who fell in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, has been set on foot in Paris by the French Protestants. A Committee to this effect has been formed, and the French Government have voted a sum of 1,320*l.* towards the expenses, while the City of Paris has granted a suitable site in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Louvre, and a few paces from the spot where Coligny was assassinated. The total cost will be 5,400*l.*, and a Committee of Frenchmen resident in England and of descendants of the old Huguenot families has been formed in London, which appeals for subscriptions to complete this amount. The monument will be composed of three statues in marble. In the centre will be the statue of Coligny, on his right an allegorical figure of Patriotism, and on his left another of Religion. On a pedestal below, in the centre, will be an open Bible, and above, two medallions in high relief, portraits of Odet and Andelot, brothers of the Admiral. Englishmen, and there are many such, who trace their descent from Huguenots, and, indeed, all friends of Religious Liberty, are asked to forward contributions to the Treasurer, the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird, 2, Pall Mall East, S.W., or to the Hon. Secretaries, the Rev. F. Hastings, 7, Euston Square, N.W., and A. Giraud Browning, Esq., French Protestant Hospital, Victoria Park Road, South Hackney, E. A public meeting in aid of the fund is to be held in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, on Tuesday, March 25.





MR. GLADSTONE is away on sick leave; Lord Randolph Churchill is with us in bounding health; Mr. Healy has returned from his too brief absence in Dublin; Sir Stafford Northcote feebly deprecates disorder from the Front Opposition Bench, and the House of Commons is in a state of chaos. How long it would last, and whether things would be any better if Mr. Gladstone were back, are questions not easy to answer. Mr. Gladstone is not at his best when battling with the petty worries of Obstruction. But undoubtedly the sense that the head master is away has a tendency to loosen the hands of discipline. Every sitting has its appointed row, and the days pass and resemble each other to the extent that, whilst there is much cry in the way of personal squabble, there is very little wool in the shape of accomplished work.

Whilst all the days are noisy and disheartening for those charged with the conduct of public business, for others, who have at heart the interests of an ancient and once dignified assembly, Saturday will for ever stand out as memorable, even in these stormy times. On that day the House met with the particular and well-defined object of disposing of the remaining votes in Supplementary Estimates. These have been hanging about for weeks, mutely asking the question whether in the new order of things it is wise to permit them to occupy their present place in the business of the Session? A clearer knowledge of what the Supplementary Estimates will enable the public to judge of Saturday's performance, and of the many nights' debate that had led up to it. Every year the Government take a vote for particular departments, estimating as closely as possible the probable expenditure. These are fully debated in Committee of Supply. Every nook and corner of the department is turned inside out, and all kinds of subjects of near or remote connection are exhaustively dealt with. At the end of the financial year, income and expenditure being balanced, it is usually found that a small additional vote is needed for each department.

These are the Supplementary Estimates, and hereupon, as has happened during the last three weeks, the whole of the matters discussed last Session are gone over again. A few weeks hence the estimates of the year will be before the House, and once more the pay of the Irish magistrates, for example, will come up, and Mr. Healy, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. O'Brien will have another chance of accusing Mr. Trevelyan of endeavouring to hang innocent men, and of branding Earl Spencer as a liar, a cheat, and a suborner of evidence. This plan of doing things twice over was well enough in the old times, when proceedings in Parliament were conducted by men amenable to public opinion and to some of the elementary influences of fair play and courtesy. The Land League has changed all that, and what happens now is simply that the House of Commons and public business are handed over, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of the Parnellites, not to mention the playful proclivities of the Fourth Party.

The House, however, must take things as it finds them, and at noon on Saturday it found itself face to face with the stern necessity of passing the votes before it adjourned. The very last opportunity for delay had passed, and, unless the remaining votes were agreed to, the machinery of the State must stop for lack of indispensable oiling. There were only half-a-dozen votes, involving a few thousand pounds. Half-a-dozen men solely intent on inquiring whether the expenditure was justified would have disposed of the matter in an hour. Even with the discursive debate of the House of Commons it seemed impossible that the proceedings should be prolonged over six o'clock. As a matter of fact they were not; but the six o'clock struck on Sunday morning. There was a suspiciously large gathering of Conservatives, and Sir Richard Cross was in such a hurry to begin that he scolded the Ministry all round for being a few minutes late, as if Ministers in these times had nothing to do but to "make a House." Mr. Ashmead Bartlett had the first place on the paper, with an amendment on the everlasting Egyptian question. But even when he rose ostensibly to move it no suspicion was aroused. The Member for Eye is always ready with a speech, and is not disheartened by the fact that nobody listens to it. What was curious was that he sat down without moving his amendment, and when Mr. Labouchere appeared with one of vague proportions, hampering no one with a policy, but simply declaring that no satisfactory reason had been given to justify recent bloodshed in the Soudan, Ministers began (of course in a Parliamentary sense) to smell a rat.

The plot ripened quickly, and the situation grew in interest. Lord Randolph appeared on the scene, backing up Mr. Labouchere. Sir Stafford Northcote, with spasmodic energy that showed how ill at ease he was, backed up Lord Randolph. A division was taken, and Ministers, attacked in ambush, had the greatest difficulty in holding their own, the vote being rejected by a narrow majority of seventeen. The minority was as curious an agglomeration as ever gathered in the division lobby. There was Mr. Biggar shoulder to shoulder with Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Henry Richard linked with Lord Randolph Churchill, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson going out to vote with Mr. Denzil Onslow.

The scene on the eve of the division was sufficiently exciting; but it was nothing to the outburst that followed on Sir William Harcourt's commentary. "So this dirty trick has not succeeded, after all," the Home Secretary exultantly observed to Sir Charles Dilke, who sat on his right hand. Sir Michael Hicks Beach heard the words across the table, and, springing up, called the Speaker's attention to them as a breach of order. The right hon. baronet must have seen his mistake the moment he moved. A ringing cheer broke forth from the Liberal ranks, and what had been a passing remark meant for private hearing was publicly and enthusiastically accepted by the majority of the House, and has since gone echoing through the country, its brevity and its colloquial form, whilst unsuited it for debate in the House of Commons, making it acceptable to popular usage.

The Conservative innings being over the Irish came in, and bowled away for the next twelve hours at the Government wickets. The newspaper reports, while they preserve all the natural coarseness of Mr. Healy and Mr. Biggar, give a very misleading idea of the scene. The general notion naturally is that with the vilest charges flying about against the Executive in Ireland, from Earl Spencer down to the humblest police officer endeavouring to do his duty, the House would be in a state of constant excitement. What really happened was that all through the dreary night about a dozen Liberals sat on the benches yawning and dozing, whilst half-a-hundred made a night of it in the Reading-Room, Smoke Room, or Library, awaiting the sound of the division bell. With two exceptions no more notice was taken of the mechanical tirades of Mr. Healy and his friends than if they had been bellowing to the melancholy ocean. One was when Mr. Trevelyan, stung by the allegation that a vote which had stood for weeks on the paper was sprung upon the Irish members, rose to order; the other, when Mr. Healy, promising obstruction for the Appropriation Bill, declared on behalf of the Irish members that "We have no birds to shoot." Whereupon Mr. Lyulph Stanley, wakened out of his slumbers, murmured, "Landlords," calling down upon himself the just indignation of Mr. Healy, who claims the monopoly for this kind of interruptive inuendo. At a quarter to six, when the Sabbath day was breaking

over London, the Irish Members stopped from sheer exhaustion and Members went home.

On Monday Lord Hartington managed towards four o'clock in the morning—this time battling with Conservative Obstruction—to obtain the customary vote after explanation of the Army Estimates. On Tuesday a morning sitting, specially devoted with the object of passing the second reading of the Cattle Plague Bill, was made of no avail by the Irish Members, who, interposing at the last moment, talked it out. On Tuesday night the wearied House treated itself to a count-out, and on Wednesday such innocent topics as the Compulsory Purchase of Leases were dealt with. On Thursday the Navy Estimates were submitted, and on Monday the second reading of the Franchise Bill will be moved by Mr. Gladstone, if he is well enough to be present, otherwise by Lord Hartington, but in either case without a speech being made.

### PASTIMES

**THE TURF.**—With the opening, next week, of the "legitimate" racing season at Lincoln, and the Liverpool Meeting with its Grand National, it can hardly be wondered at that the doings at Derby and elsewhere within the last few days have attracted but little attention. At the first-named meeting the Duke of Hamilton and his jockey, Mr. D. Thirlwell, continued in good form, winning the Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase with Eau de Vie and the Kedleston Hunters' Hurdle Race with Captain, who has recently been earning winning brackets. The old mare has more than once of late disappointed her backers, but, though she only started third favourite in a field of five, she won easily enough. The Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National still keep a very open appearance, no animal for either race being a hot favourite. At the time of writing, Fulmen, Wild Arab, Tonans, Florence, and the resuscitated Acrostic are the chief favourites; and for the Grand National, Frigate, Cortolvin, Satellite, and Cyrus are the most fancied, while the Prince of Wales's The Scot is fancied by several good judges. His victory would be immensely popular; and his owner will be the guest of Lord Sefton during the Liverpool Meeting.—Another jockey of the olden days has passed away—Sim Templeman—at the mature age of seventy-nine. Among his many victories were the Derby, in 1839, on Bloomsbury; in 1847, on Cossack; and in the following year on Surplice; and the St. Leger, in 1851, on Newminster. He was not considered to have an artistic seat, but no one handled two-year-olds more tenderly and efficiently. But what was even better than a good seat, he was known as one of the most straightforward of jockeys.—Every one will be glad to hear that Mr. Hwfa Williams, of Sandown Park, is making good progress towards convalescence.

**FOOTBALL.**—For the fifth year in succession Scotland has beaten England in the annual Association game. Among other Association victories may be mentioned that of the Blackburn Rovers over the Glasgow Rangers, and of Notts County over Lincoln.

**AQUATICS.**—Oxford at Bourne End on the Thames, and Cambridge up at Mapledurham, are working hard for the Putney race. Oxford is still the favourite, the general impression being that, though the Cambridge crew are doing well, they do not show any marked improvement.

**ANGLING.**—The otter is a great fish destroyer, though not a great angler; and, when one is destroyed, there is rejoicing among the disciples of the gentle craft. But as sure as one is killed on the Thames, so sure are many indignant voices raised against the "slaughter of wild creatures," which words have been a familiar heading to a correspondence still going on in the pages of a contemporary. "Slayer of Otter" heralds himself to the world as a hero; while "Lover of Otter" anathematizes him as a cruel brute, who ruthlessly destroys the *fauna* of our beautiful river which gladden our eyes as we journey on its silent highway. The correspondence enlarges its borders, recriminations follow, and on both sides there is the usual ignorance displayed of the habits and spawning time of fish, the ways of the otter, and statistics of his existence on the Thames. It has not been by any means as rare between Henley and London as the recent "slayer" in question and others imagine; and no one seems to have mentioned the fact that two young otters were captured in a disused boathouse only four or five years ago as near London as Staines. Now, as the otter is not only an eater of fish, but a wanton destroyer of them, eating only a small bit at the back of the head of his prey, and being a crepuscular, or rather nocturnal, animal, is not seen "once in a blue moon" by those who pass his well-known haunts, anglers whose name is legion would be glad to hear of his absolute extinction, and frequenters generally of our national playground would never miss him, having never seen him. The case is different in reference to the *fauna* and *flora* generally of the Thames. The most beautiful and interesting of these are gradually disappearing under the ruthless hand of man, and the time does not seem very distant when a kingfisher, a dabchick, or even a moorhen or a white water-lily will be unknown on the Thames. Perhaps the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Preservation of the Thames may do something to stop the destruction going on, as well as to restrain the little games of riparian owners and tenants, who seem to be in league just now against the rights of the public.

**SHOOTING.**—Mr. Bryce has brought a Bill into Parliament which provides that "no owner or occupier of any cultivated mountain or moorland in Scotland shall be entitled to exclude any person from walking on such land for the purposes of recreation or scientific or artistic study, or to molest him in so walking." Now we all know what the "Ground Game Act" has done for shooting in hundreds of districts in England, and will eventually do in more. It does not want any great power of divination to foresee what Mr. Bryce's Bill would do for grouse shooting, when every poacher, amateur or professional, is allowed to wander over the moors at his own sweet will "for purposes of recreation or scientific or artistic study." Digging out rabbits would only be geological investigation, and grouse would be shot merely in the cause of scientific ornithology. Two very opposite kinds of movement seem to be going on actively just now in this country, namely, the attempt of the public to encroach on private rights and of the private on public rights.

[NOTE.—Our Pastimes' correspondent's arguments are worthy of serious consideration, but the "Topic Note" on "Deer Forests" rather expresses our own sentiments on this subject.—ED. G.]

**LONDON MORTALITY** further increased last week, and 1,660 deaths were registered, against 1,639 during the previous seven days, a rise of 21, but being 158 below the average, and at the rate of 21.6 per 1,000. There were 11 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 10), 61 from measles (a rise of 15), 27 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria (an increase of 2), 117 from whooping-cough (a rise of 15), 1 from typhus fever, 15 from enteric fever (a decline of 10), 12 from ill-defined forms of fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 1), 1 from cholera, and 370 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a fall of 14), being 127 below the average. The death of a retired watchmaker was recorded at the age of 101. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths; 40 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 14 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 1 from an overdose of a narcotic mixture, and 17 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,761 births registered against 2,754 during the previous week, being 100 above the average. The mean temperature of the air was 46.9 deg., and 6 deg. above the average.



A NEW SERIES OF STAMPS is to be issued on April 1st.

AN ITALIAN TRANSLATION OF THE QUEEN'S BOOK by Signor Brandi is to be added to the other foreign versions of the work.

A BABY SHOW will be held in Paris next July. M. Victor Hugo will be asked to act as Honorary President, owing to his well-known affection for children.

A PAPER CHIMNEY fifty feet high has lately been put up at Breslau. Compressed paper pulp is one of the least inflammable of substances, and makes an excellent material for fireproof doors.

DRINKING IN PARIS has increased greatly within the last eighteen years. In 1866 the yearly consumption of alcoholic liquor amounted to forty-two gallons per head, now it is fifty gallons.

AN OFFER TO STRAIGHTEN THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA was recently made by an American engineer, and was regarded as a good joke, but it turns out to be a *bona fide* proposal from the former owner of a famous Pacific mine. He offered to do the job for 24,000*l*.

THE WAGNER PERFORMANCES IN BAYREUTH do not seem likely to lapse for want of enthusiasm for the Music of the Future. This year *Parsifal* will be played ten times between July 21 and August 8—the chief parts being doubled to avoid over-fatigue to the artists.

A GREAT MAHOMEDAN UNIVERSITY will probably be established at Hyderabad, as the young Nizam has taken up Mr. Wilfred Blunt's suggestion of a University at some central point in India for the dissemination of Mahomedan learning, and the increased propagation of the Faith. Mr. Blunt offers to endow the first Professorship.

THE ISLE OF SKYE CROFTERS, who have emigrated to North Carolina, have been most enthusiastically received in the States. The inhabitants have regularly *fêted* each party arriving, giving them grand dinners, and escorting them to their new homes, and at Laurinburg all the crofters have been provided with land, houses, and provisions.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS will hold their first Exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, opening on September 1st. All forms of engraving on metal, whether by the burin, the etching needle, by mezzotint or aquatint, &c., are eligible, and contributions are not restricted to Fellows of the Society. Works must be sent to the London Agents, 4, Pall Mall Place, between July 21 and August 2nd, or to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, between July 21 and August 9.

THE SALE OF THE FAMOUS CASTELLANI COLLECTION began at Rome on Monday. Coins only were sold on the first day, when a comparatively small number of purchasers competed—chiefly dealers in antiquities and professional buyers—all remarkably reticent as to whether they represented museums or private collectors. This arises from the Italian Government's threat to prohibit the export of the articles sold, and to claim the right of buying any they wish for the mere purchase money paid at the sale.

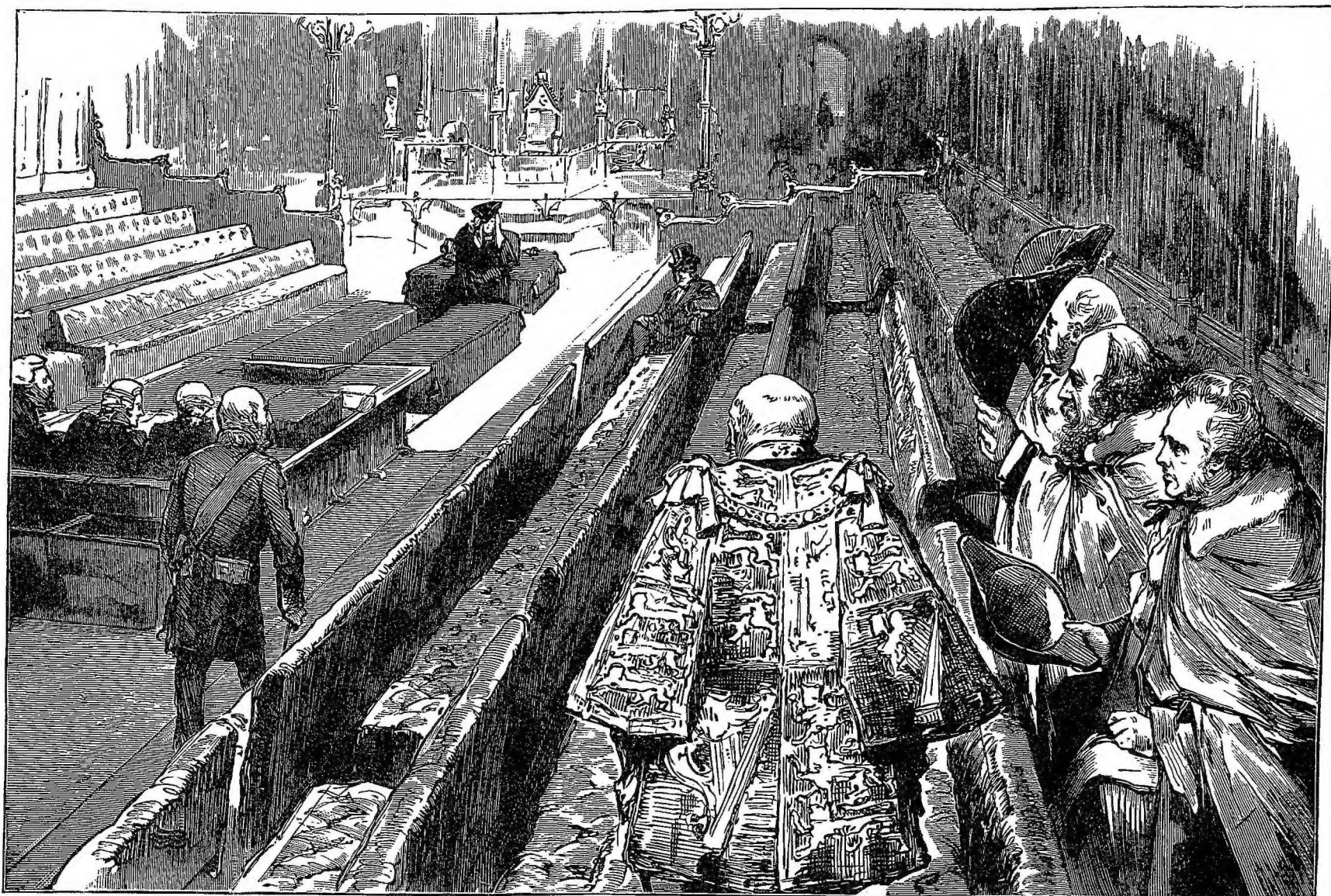
THE MORMON COMMUNITY AT SALT LAKE evidently do not believe in the speedy ruin of their sect, so energetically prophesied by American opponents, judging by the vast and durable temple they are building for the benefit of posterity. After twenty-eight years' hard work the main walls are finished, and six years more will be needed to complete the building. Built of granite from the neighbouring mountains, the walls are ten feet thick and eighty-five feet high, and up to the present time the tabernacle has cost 1,100,000*l*, raised by the tithing tax.

THE MARINE OBSERVATORY AT GRANTON, near Edinburgh—the first of its kind in Great Britain—is now fairly launched, and will be in working order by next week, although the formal opening will not take place before April 10th or 12th. Already many herring, cod, and other living fish are housed in cages for observation. There will be accommodation for five or six naturalists, and British and foreign observers with some definite object in view will be invited to use the station free. Now it is proposed to erect a marine biological laboratory or observatory—like the zoological station at Naples—on our southern coasts, probably at Torquay or Weymouth, and a meeting will be held at the Royal Society, on the 31st inst., to found a Society for the furtherance of this object. Professor Huxley will be in the Chair.

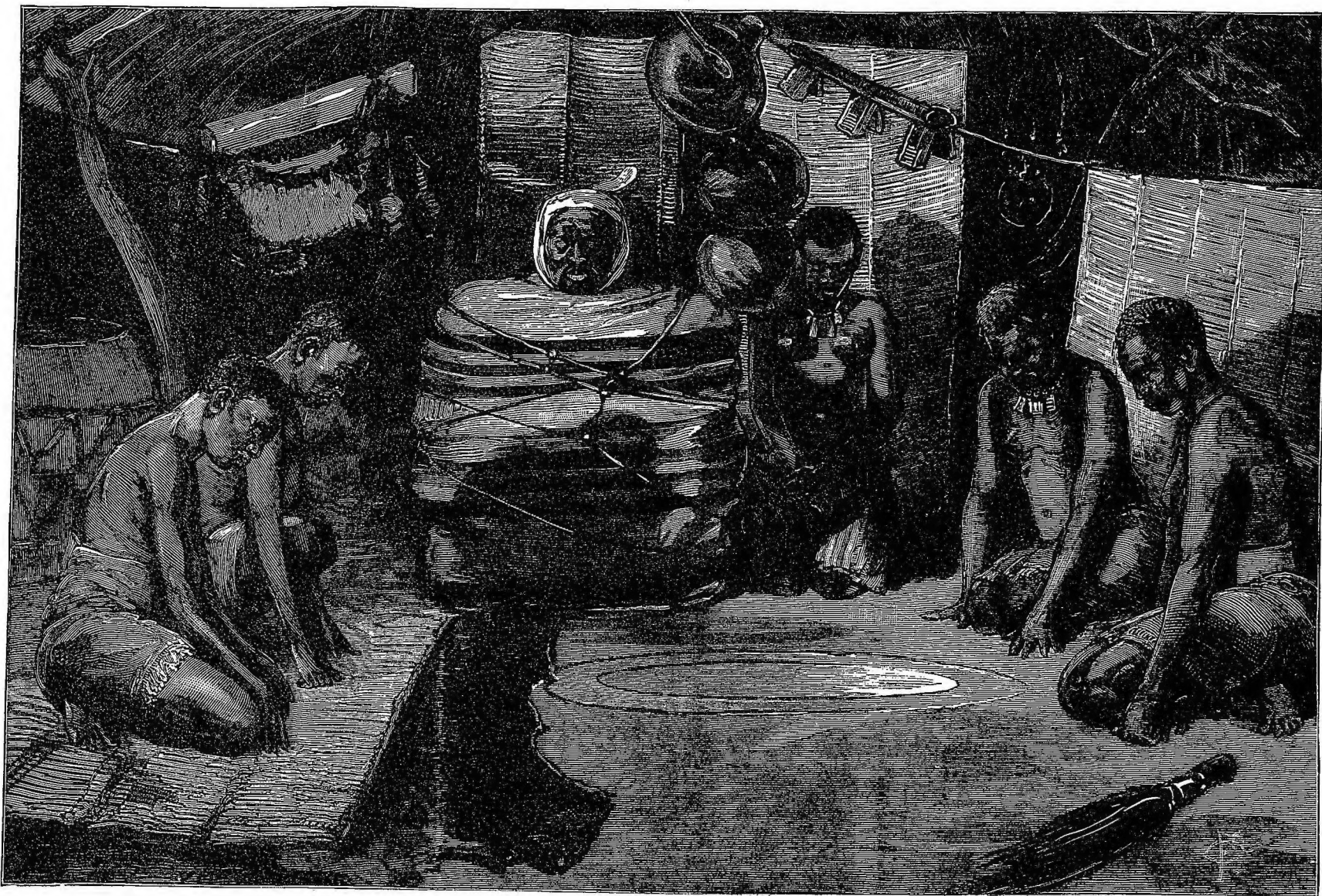
THE SUPERSTITION prevailing in some parts of Europe that Jews still practise human sacrifices finds a parallel in Corea, where, according to the *Japan Weekly Mail*, the lower classes believe that the Japanese bleed Corean girls and children to concoct medicines, and also offer such Coreans as they can catch as sacrifices to the spirits of the Japanese murdered in the country. Thus the Coreans heartily dreaded the recent anniversary of the attack on the Japanese visitors to the peninsula, and, as the girls were believed to be especially threatened, many maidens fled away, and others married the first comer so as to provide themselves with a protector. Again, the Japanese are charged with having caused a drought by hoisting their national flag with the device of the sun, while the music playing at the Japanese Legation further drove away the wind and the rain. This was clearly proved to Corean minds, as when the Japanese were murdered last year and the malign influence was removed the drought broke up at once.

THE JURY OF THE PARIS SALON have to decide this year upon nearly 6,000 pictures, exclusive of sculpture and drawings, and as probably not more than 2,500 will be hung there is plenty of disappointment in store. Saturday was the last receiving day, and details of the various chief works are now known, showing that the coming exhibition will probably be somewhat above the average. One of the most interesting portraits will be M. Bastien Lepage's likeness of Victor Hugo's devoted friend, the late M<sup>lle</sup>. Drouet, while M<sup>lle</sup>. Abbema's small head of M. de Lesseps is also well spoken of. Mythological pictures will be strong, M. Baudry contributing the "Marriage of Cupid and Psyche," M. Bouguereau the "Childhood of Bacchus," and M. Lefebvre a fine study of the Goddess of Morning; while M<sup>lle</sup>. Henner and Duez provide religious subjects, as usual, the former sending a "Dead Christ," the latter a "Flagellation of St. Francis of Assisi." M. J. P. Laurens, who is devoted to the ghastly, has a "Pope Clement V. at Avignon"—the Pope contemplating the corpses of the four cardinals he has assassinated for conspiracy, and M. Flameng has an equally cheerful canvas in the "Massacre at Mâchecoul, 1793," where Charette is conducting a party of ladies over the battlefield, among the heaps of corpses. The War of 1870 still occupies M<sup>lle</sup>. Detaille and Neuville, the former choosing the Battlefield of Rezonville, and M. Protais sends a "Reconnaissance" in the same style. Among other well-known artists, M. Constant contributes another Eastern subject, "Harems;" M. Meissonier, jun., "Travelling Singers," and M. Lhermitte a fine landscape of "The Vintage." One Art debutant is the militant deputy, M. Clovis Hugues, with "A Corner of Old Marseilles." The American Art Colony will be very well represented, Mr. Bridgman sending three Oriental pieces, the most important being a large painting of "Bargaining for Horses in a Sheikh's Court-yard, Cairo."





LORD TENNYSON'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS—THE NEW PEER AND HIS INTRODUCERS THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND THE EARL OF KENMARE, RAISING THEIR HATS TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR



CETEWAYO LAID OUT IN HIS HUT AFTER DEATH  
SKETCHED BY AN EYE-WITNESS THE DAY AFTER THE KING'S DECEASE



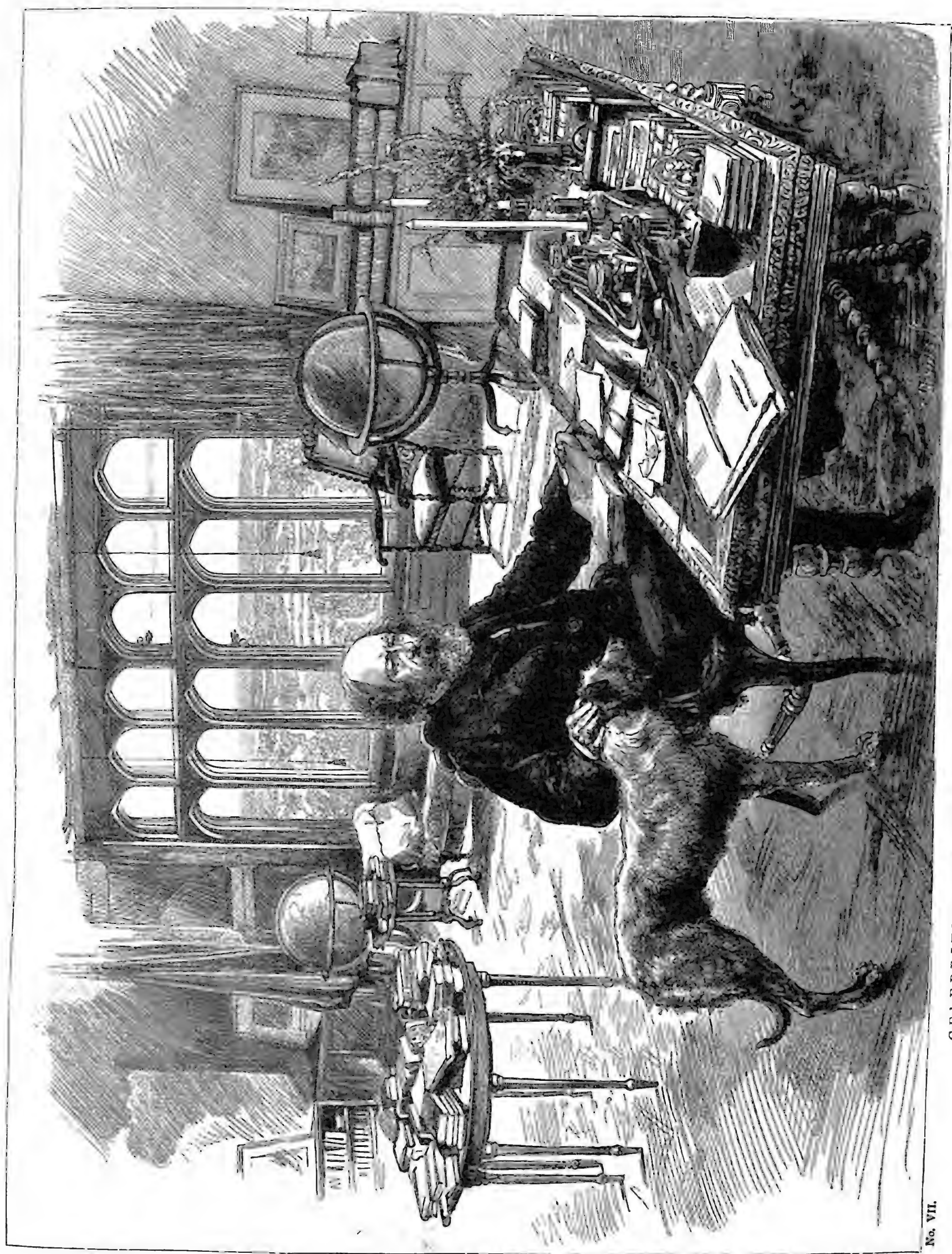


"THE EMPTY CHAIR"

FROM THE PICTURE BY PERCY MACQUOID, EXHIBITED IN THE GRAPHIC GALLERY



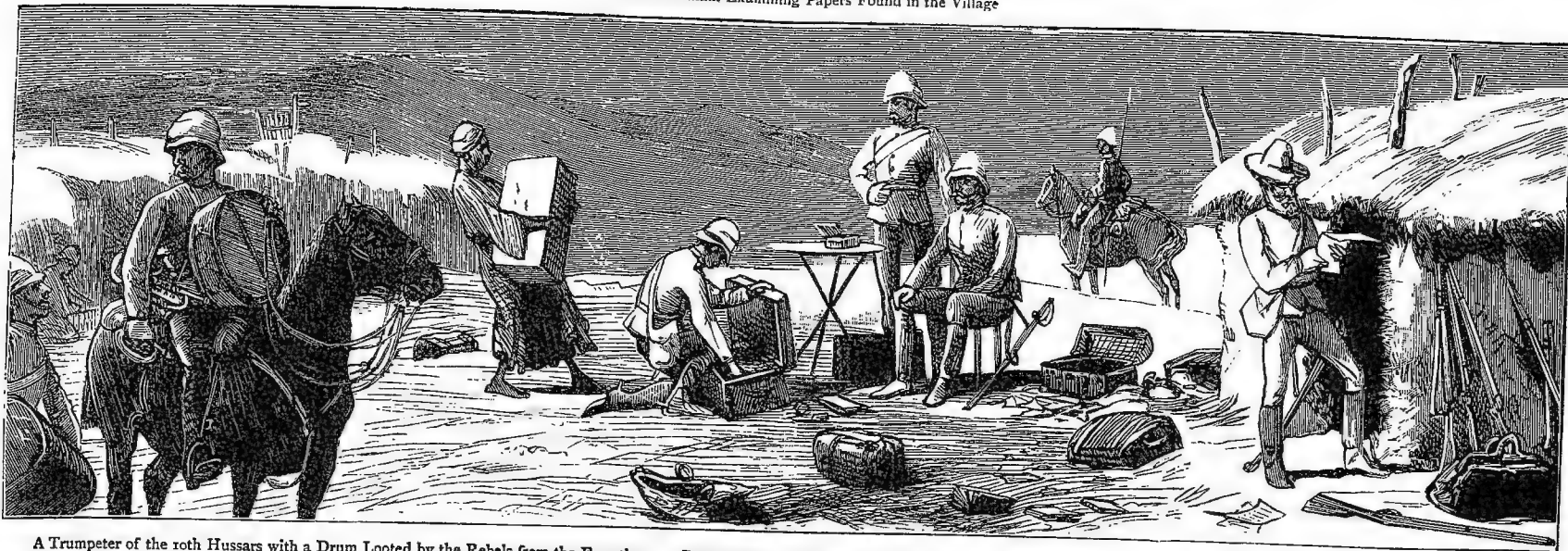
*Illustrated*



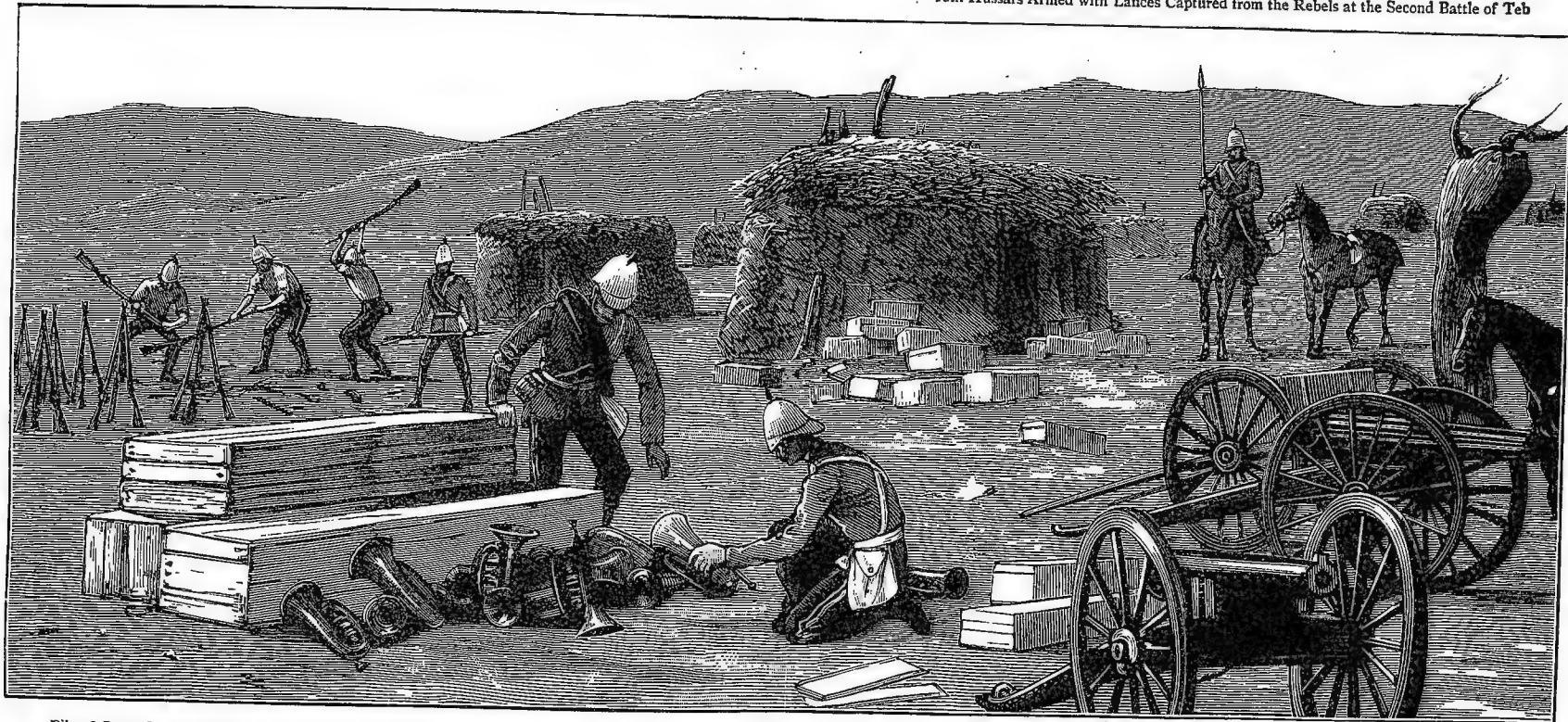
CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY—LORD TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE



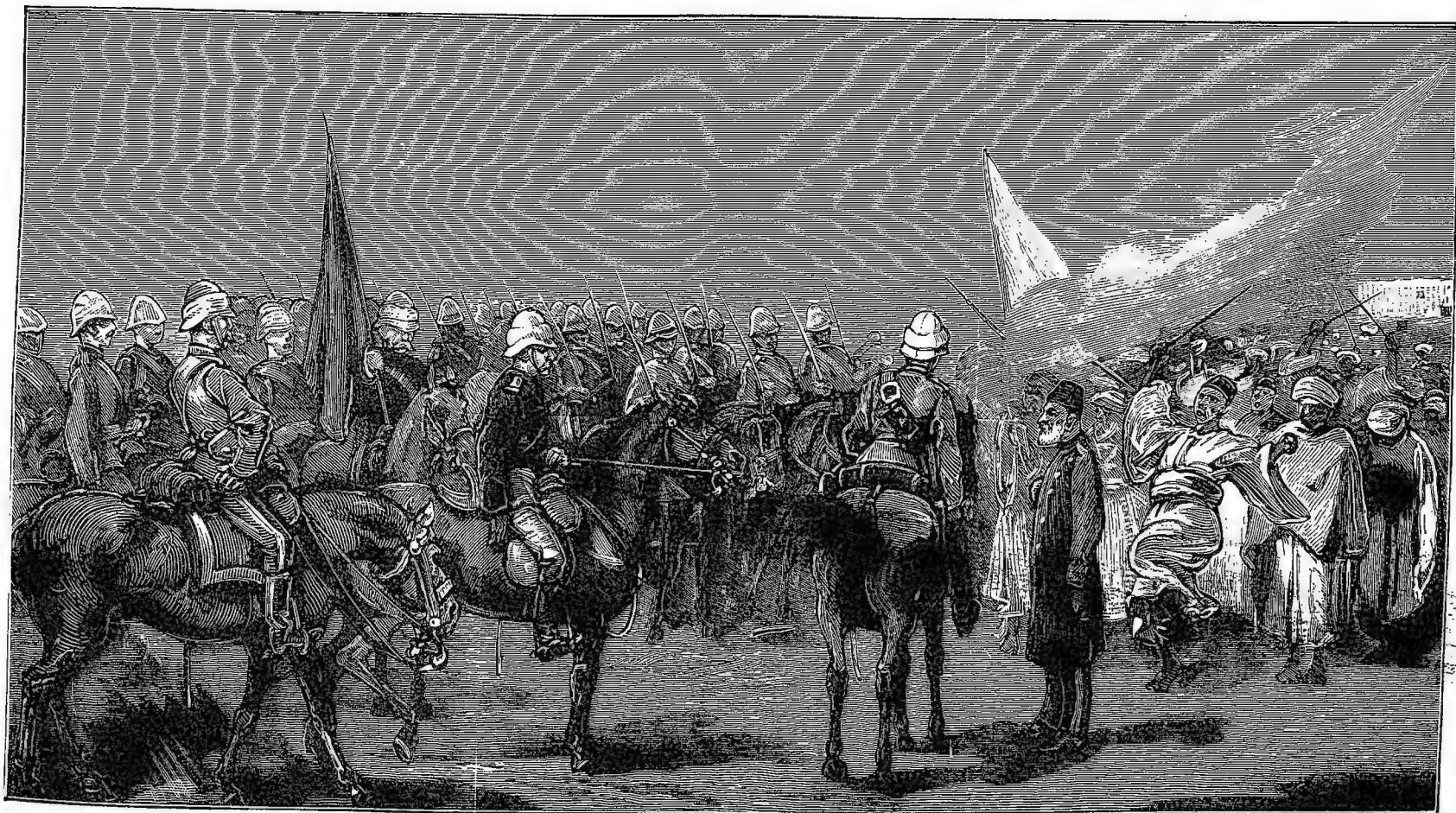
General Graham Examining Papers Found in the Village



A Trumpeter of the 10th Hussars with a Drum Looted by the Rebels from the Egyptians  
 THE REBEL HEAD-QUARTERS AT THE VILLAGE OF EL DUBBA, THREE MILES BEYOND TOKAR—GENERAL GRAHAM FINDING THE LOOT OF BAKER PASHA'S FORCE, MARCH 2  
 Guns, Empty Portmanteaus, &c.  
 2,000 Remingtons Being Broken by the 10th Hussars  
 Grass Huts  
 10th Hussars Armed with Lances Captured from the Rebels at the Second Battle of Teb



File of Cases Containing Shells, Rockets, and Cartridges  
 THE REBEL HEAD-QUARTERS AT EL DUBBA—MAGAZINE OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION TAKEN BY THE REBELS FROM BAKER PASHA'S FORCE  
 7-Pdr. Gun  
 Gatling Gun



Mounted Staff Officers  
 General Graham  
 The Governor  
 Arabs with Big Sticks Dancing with Delight

MEETING OF GENERAL GRAHAM AND THE GOVERNOR OF TOKAR, MARCH 1  
 THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—THE RELIEF OF TOKAR, MARCH 1, AFTER THE SECOND BATTLE OF TEB  
 FROM SKETCHES BY A MILITARY OFFICER





NOTWITHSTANDING our military successes in the SOUDAN, Osman Digma still holds out, and according to the latest accounts is quite prepared to continue the struggle, and is even gathering together his remaining followers for yet another battle. To judge by appearances, however, that chieftain is not himself a noteworthy warrior, for he did not actually take part in last week's battle, and as soon as he saw the fortune of war turning to our side "withdrew" to a village in the interior. To resume our chronicle of events, the Battle of Tamai, or Tamasi, on Thursday week was as hotly contested as that of El Teb, and the rebels showed no signs of having been discouraged or demoralised by their previous defeat, fighting to the very end with the utmost stubbornness and ferocity. Our forces advanced in two brigades, marching in such a manner as practically to form two squares, the first under General Buller, the second commanded by General Davis. A small force of cavalry led the way as skirmishers. The Second Brigade, with General Graham and his Staff, came next; then the First Brigade under General Buller, the rear being brought up by the main body of Cavalry. The road lay across rough watercourses towards a deep nullah, and close to the edge of this the enemy was encountered by the Second Brigade, which had somewhat lost the compactness of its square formation, and had opened into line. The firing appears to have been very wild and unduly rapid, while the dense smoke obscured the enemy, who took the opportunity to charge through the front line (65th and 42nd Regiments), and forced our troops back upon the Naval Brigade in the rear. There a desperate conflict ensued, the Highlanders fighting back to back, and the Blue-jackets striving their utmost to defend their guns, which, however, had ultimately to be abandoned for want of ammunition, the sailors, however, taking care to lock the guns, so as to render them useless to the enemy. Both sides fought with the greatest fury. Six hundred of the enemy lost their lives, while the Black Watch, 65th, and Naval Brigade suffered most heavily, the last-named losing three officers. After a retreat of some 500 yards, during which Generals Graham and Davis exerted themselves to the utmost to rally their men, the advanced line of the First Brigade was reached, and after a brief halt order was restored, and the whole force advanced upon the enemy.

As though determined to retrieve their honour, the troops now moved forward as steadily as if on parade, and fired carefully, and with greater judgment, doing terrible execution amongst the enemy, who, moreover, had been checked by a brilliant cavalry charge by Colonel Wood. The lost ground was thus regained, the guns recovered, and the edge of the nullah reached. Down this went the First Brigade, and, mounting the other side, carried the first ridge with a cheer. Another ridge 800 yards distant was carried with equal vigour, and then the enemy began to retreat. The Valley of Tamai with the village of Tamasi and Osman Digma's camp could now be seen below, and there the Arabs made a last stand, being ultimately driven over the ridge on the other side of the valley. Having burnt a portion of the village, the First Brigade returned across the nullah, and a halt was called, the whole force returning for the night to the zeriba which they had occupied on the eve of the battle. Our losses amounted to 5 officers and 86 men killed, and 8 officers and 103 men wounded. Of the killed the great majority lost their lives when the square was broken—the Black Watch alone lost 65 men. The enemy are thought to have lost 3,000 men out of 12,000 on the field.

The night passed without incident, but the wailing of the enemy, some of whom had returned to bury the dead, could be plainly heard. Next morning the troops, the Naval Brigade excepted, marched over the battle-ground to the village of Tamasi, which had not wholly been destroyed on the previous day, and there great stores of ammunition and rifles were found, which were at once burnt, the explosions of the boxes of cartridges and shells affording a striking spectacle to the enemy, who kept up adropping but ineffectual fire from the hills beyond. General Graham and the cavalry then returned to Trinkitat and Suakim, the infantry and artillery following on Saturday. On that day Major Brabazon, with some Hussars, made a reconnaissance to the Wells of Handoub, a village some twelve miles west of Suakim, and thither on Tuesday General Stewart marched with the Gordon Highlanders and 19th Hussars. Handoub lies on the road to Berber, and at the foot of the mountain range, which has to be crossed on the way. There it was expected that delegates from friendly tribes would be found, and that some definite alliance might be entered into against Osman Digma. That chieftain, however, according to Mahmoud Ali, is already collecting fresh forces, and has a force 2,000 strong beyond Berber. Admiral Hewett has issued a proclamation offering 1,000*l.* for Osman Digma, alive or dead. The document was received by Osman Digma's sheikhs with the greatest contempt, and indeed has been universally condemned—the British Government having requested the Admiral to withdraw it. On Sunday the Admiral held a conference with the friendly sheikhs, who declared that without British assistance they could not undertake to keep open the trade route. On Wednesday further reconnaissances were made to Otao and to Erkawit—villages in a westerly direction on the Berber road. There has been a mutiny among the Egyptian soldiers at Suakim—the culprits being immediately arrested and soundly flogged. The wounded in both actions are being shipped to Suez as fast as practicable, and are doing very well.

In CAIRO all is quiet, and, military operations apart, the chief incident has been the death of the Khedive's mother, who, it is said, was a great confidant and adviser of her son. Considerable soreness is felt by the British and native authorities at the refusal of M. Camille Barrère, the French representative, to permit the suppression of a scurrilous French newspaper, *Le Bosphore Egyptien*. There is no news from General Gordon and Khartoum later than the 11th inst., as the line had been broken between Shendi and Khartoum. At that date he was arranging for peace by preparing for war, having erected a strong fort on the Blue Nile, so as to prevent the forces of the hostile Sheikh el Obeid from going further north on the line of communications. The rebels, however, are now in force between Khartoum and Berber, the governor of which has asked for troops from Cairo. Shendi is seriously threatened. General Gordon is thus completely isolated, and much anxiety is felt with regard to his position. The Sussex Regiment, some 700 strong, have gone to Assiout to reinforce the Egyptian troops under Col. Duncan at Assouan.

In FRANCE, also, there has been great rejoicing over a victory, Bacninh having fallen with greater ease than had been expected. That stronghold was entered by General Négrier on the 12th, after comparatively little fighting. There was a sharp engagement at Fanoi, in which the Chinese were defeated and pursued as far as Bacninh. On the arrival of the French the town was at once evacuated, and by eight in the evening General Négrier was in possession of the citadel. General Millot and his column arrived next day, having had a few insignificant encounters; the total French loss being six killed and twenty-five wounded. The Chinese offered remarkably slight resistance, fortunately for the French, as Bacninh

is described as a sort of Plevna, defended by twenty strongly-fortified heights. The standards of the Commander-in-Chief and principal leaders, together with a large quantity of artillery, were found in Bacninh, whence General Millot, following up his success, at once despatched two flying columns, under Generals Négrier and Brière de Lisle, in pursuit of the retreating Chinese, driving them back as far as Thai-Nguyen on one side, and half-way to Lang-son on the other. The French, having now the possession of the coveted Red River delta, will probably rest quietly at Bacninh, awaiting the threatened remonstrances of China.

From FRANCE proper comes very little of outside interest. The Education Bill still causes discussion in the Chamber between Secularists and Ultramontanists. M. Ferry has been giving forth highly eulogistic opinions on the prospects of his Cabinet; the Press have been discussing General Graham's victory, and the *République Française*, in alluding to the temporary check of the Second Brigade, has made an important discovery—that Mr. Gladstone's vacillating policy is due to the decadence of the British Army. The chief political incident is the quarrel with Spain about the suzerainty of Andorra. In days of yore the Bishops of Urgel and the Counts of Foix were joint and equal princes of this little territory. The former are now represented by Spain, and the latter by France. The French Government, however, recently protested against the Bishop's action in imprisoning certain Andorrans, and the Spanish Government ordered them to be released, and ample apology made. Not content with this, however, the Prefect of the Ariège went to Andorra, and declared that the prisoners would be taken before a French Court of Appeal, ignored the Bishop's authority, and even summoned him to disband his guard, and threatened to blockade the district—a proceeding which naturally enough has ruffled Spanish dignity, more especially as Andorra, situated high up in the Pyrenees, overlooks Spanish territory.—In PARIS there has been a serious explosion in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, in which two persons lost their lives; and Blin, one of the perpetrators of the murder and the jewel robbery in the Palais Royal, has been tried and found guilty, "with extenuating circumstances." His companion, Berghien, was a Belgian, and was recently condemned to death in Brussels.

In INDIA Sir Auckland Colvin has produced his financial statement, which shows a surplus for 1882-3 of 706,633*l.*, an increase over the estimates of 421,633*l.*, and this notwithstanding that the Indian Government was called upon during the year to incur heavy expenditure on account of the war in Egypt. For 1883-4 the revenue is set down at 70,298,500*l.*, leaving a surplus of 271,500*l.* But for 1,000,000*l.* to be paid to the War Office on account of certain arrears and loss in exchange, the surplus would be 1,617,400*l.* The question of the financial results of the railways is treated at some length, the net gain for the past five years being 3,270,843*l.* Other topics were the rise in the export of Indian wheat, and the decision that the pay and allowance of English soldiers in India from January 1st last, when expressed in sterling, shall be converted at the rate of exchange fixed annually for the payment of troops in the colonies. Their pay is thus increased 12½ per cent. In the Budget for 1884-5 the revenue is estimated at 70,560,400*l.*, and expenditure at 70,341,100*l.*, leaving a surplus of 319,300*l.*

Another serious conspiracy has been discovered in SPAIN. On Saturday General Velarde and a number of officers, sergeants, and civilians who were holding a meeting at his house, were arrested, and important documents seized, which led to the arrest of many others, including Generals Ferrer and Hidalgo. The conspirators were known to be in correspondence with Señor Zorilla, and it is stated that one of their schemes was to seize the palace at a time when the Council of Ministers would be conferring with King Alphonso.

In GERMANY Prince Bismarck has made a vigorous defence in the Reichstag of his conduct in the Lasker incident. He declared that he had ever been on good terms with the United States, denounced those who carried on intrigues at Lasker's grave, pointed out that the resolution was passed by the House of Representatives and not by Congress, and asked: "Am I to be the postman of mine enemy?" Prince Bismarck has also spoken on the Workmen's Insurance Bill, which will now probably pass in a modified form.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—A report of the reception in BRUSSELS of the Transvaal Delegates by an association of "Dutch Christian Socialist Working Men" states that General Smits was presented with a flag, and made to swear that it should never fall into the hands of the English, and his colleagues were exhorted to "let the Englishman be chased from South Africa, and a Kingdom of Christ established there, called, above all things, to bring to the descendants of Ham the blessings of the Lord, in the name of the King, Jesus Christ." To this President Kruger replied that it was the Lord who had fought against the English at Spitzkop and elsewhere.—In RUSSIA the police have offered a reward, and are straining every nerve to capture Degaieff, who murdered Colonel Sudeikin, and the *Will of the People* has replied by pronouncing sentence of death on any one who shall give any such information. Preparations are already being made for celebrating the coming of age of the Czarevitch at Moscow, on May 18th.—In NORWAY the Crown Prince has been appointed Viceroy.—In ITALY the Government have carried their candidate, Signor Coppino, for the Presidency of the Chamber, though only by ten votes.—In AUSTRIA Schenk and his accomplices, accused of murdering numerous servants for the sake of their savings, have been found guilty and condemned to death. The strikes in Bohemia are assuming very serious proportions.—In TURKEY the victories of El Teb and Tamasi have been received with mixed feelings—satisfaction at the defeat of the Mahdi being tempered by annoyance at the victors being Christians.—In the UNITED STATES the increase of foot-and-mouth disease is exciting great apprehension.—On the WEST COAST OF AFRICA the English and French Commissioners appointed to settle the respective boundaries of the English and French territories adjacent to the Gold Coast Colony have finished their work, though for a time they were endangered by the hostility of the natives. In consequence of the attitude of the King of Kingaboe a small detachment of Houssas was despatched to the scene, and their presence had a very decidedly pacifying effect.



THE QUEEN entertained the Duchess of Edinburgh and her eldest daughter at Windsor at the end of last week, the Duchess remaining with Her Majesty while Princess Beatrice came to town for a short visit. The Duchess left on Saturday, when Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor, having previously accompanied Princess Frederica of Hanover to see the repairing of tapestry by the Ladies' Working Guild. In the afternoon the Queen gave audience to the Judge Advocate-General, and drove with the Princess to Clevedon to see the Austrian Ambassador and Countess Karolyi; while in the evening Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain dined with Her Majesty. On Sunday the Queen and Princess Beatrice

attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated; and Princess Christian visited Her Majesty, the Princess also lunching at the Castle on Monday, when Mrs. Drummond, of Megginch, joined the Royal party at dinner. Tuesday being the Princess Louise's birthday, the Princess and the Marquis of Lorne arrived in the afternoon to stay with the Queen. The Royal visit to Germany will be shorter than originally intended, as Her Majesty will probably return by the end of April. The Queen and Princess Beatrice start on April 7, cross from Port Victoria, opposite Sheerness, to Flushing, and are expected on the 9th at Darmstadt, where they will stay at the Grand Duke of Hesse's palace during the whole of their visit.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday attended a special meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum Trustees, and subsequently presided at the Annual Meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. In the evening he gave a gentlemen's dinner party, an instrumental concert taking place during dinner. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service. On Monday the Prince received the Prince Sonapandit, brother of the King of Siam, and the Siamese Minister, and held a *levée* at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen, while in the evening he went to the South Kensington Museum to preside at a meeting of the Institute of Agriculture, where Mr. H. Woods lectured on Ensilage. The Prince on Tuesday morning attended the meeting of the Royal Commission on Dwelling Places of the Poor, and in the afternoon went to the House of Lords. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Avenue Theatre, and on Wednesday they opened the new buildings of the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses. On Thursday the Princess held the Second Drawing Room of the Season on behalf of the Queen. Before being present at the Liverpool Grand National on the 28th inst., when his own horse, The Scot, runs, the Prince will go to the Lincoln Spring Race Meeting next week, staying with Mr. Chaplin at Blankney. He has fixed May 5th for laying the Foundation stone of the Central Tower of the Peterborough Cathedral.

The Duke of Edinburgh, with the Channel Squadron, is cruising about the Greek islands. He has been at Syra, and left for Rhodes on Saturday. The Duchess went to the Prince's Theatre on Monday night, and will shortly return to Eastwell.—Prince and Princess Christian came from Germany on Saturday.—Princess Louise was serenaded on Tuesday at Kensington Palace, in commemoration of her thirty-sixth birthday, by the band of the Duke of York's School, while the children of St. Jude's Home, Chelsea, sang several pieces, and presented the Princess with baskets of primroses. The Princess and Lord Lorne go next week to stay with Lord and Lady Salisbury at Hatfield.—The Duchess of Connaught has given a handsome altar-cloth to Bagshot parish church, just reopened, the Duke presenting a cross and candlesticks. The Duke and Duchess recently had a very busy visit to Agra, where the Duke inspected the troops, the fort, and the hospital, and witnessed a sham fight, the Duchess following on horseback, while they attended various tennis parties and "At Homes" given in their honour. The Duke also visited the officers at Fatehgarh.—The Duchess of Cambridge has been suffering from a severe bronchial cold, but is much better.—The Princess Elizabeth of Hesse will not, after all, be married on the same day as her elder sister, no date having yet been fixed for the wedding.



MADAME SCHUMANN.—It seems strange that a work like Schumann's early Piano Sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 11, should not have been heard at the Popular Concerts before Monday last. It is a favourite composition among pianists, and indeed it is tolerably familiar to the musical public. It is a pity that some particulars of the history of this composition were not given in the analytical programme on Monday. The sonata was sketched in outline early in 1833, when Schumann was living in the summer residence in Reidel's garden, and shortly before the death of his sister-in-law Rosalie produced his first slight mental attack. The sonata, like its companion in G minor, Op. 22, was not finished till 1835, when it was published under the extraordinary title, "Piano-forte Sonata, dedicated by Florestan and Eusebius to Clara." Florestan and Eusebius were Schumann himself, and Clara was Clara Wieck, afterwards the composer's devoted wife, and now his honoured widow. The fashion to sneer at the Sonata in F sharp minor was, according to his biographer, set by Schumann himself, who called it "dreary stuff." Ignaz Moscheles, in the review written at Schumann's request, refers to "a painful struggle with form," while Wasielowski talks of "a total lack of organic development," and the prevalence of "a turgid and even unlovely expression." Few of the audience of Monday will endorse these opinions. Madame Schumann, who played throughout from memory, gave a wonderfully fine reading of the sonata, whose difficulties would have taxed the resources of a far younger pianist. Next Monday Madame Schumann will play the "Études Symphoniques." A proposal is also on foot to get up a sort of signed request that the veteran will give a pianoforte recital. But it is feared the physical strength of a lady of nearly sixty-five will not allow her to play through an entire programme.

OPERATIC NEWS.—The directors of the Metropolitan Opera House have approached Mr. Gye with proposals that he shall direct the opera season in New York next winter. Mr. Gye, it is understood, is entertaining the idea. The plan proposed is to play Italian opera with Madame Albani, Madame Durand, and others thrice, and German opera twice weekly. Herr Richter is, it is believed prematurely, spoken of as conductor. A rumour from Paris that Mr. Gye intends to undertake the direction of the Italian Opera in that city is incorrect.

ANTON DVORÁK.—The first visit to England of this celebrated musician will terminate next week, but Dvorák is so pleased with his reception that he has undertaken to write an important new work for the Birmingham Festival next year, and to come over and conduct it himself. On Thursday of the present week he was announced to conduct his new overture *Husitská* at the Philharmonic Concert. On Saturday at Mr. Oscar Beringer's he accompanied several of his national and other songs sung by Mr. Shakespeare and by the American tenor, Mr. Winch, and he assisted at the performance of his second pianoforte trio. On Thursday of last week he conducted at the Albert Hall his *Stabat Mater*, produced last year by Mr. Barnby and the London Musical Society. It is impossible to admit that in the vast space of the Albert Hall, and under a conductor unskilled in directing so large a choir and orchestra, this undeniably great work was heard at its best. It followed a performance of Mr. Barnby's *Psalm XCII*, written for the last Leeds Festival, and the steady exodus which began soon after the *Stabat Mater* commenced, showed that it failed to interest, at any rate an aristocratic audience. Indeed, to a non-professional auditor, the severity of style adopted by Dvorák in his setting of Jacopone's hymn is apt to become monotonous. The use of the minor keys, the manner in which, doubtless with great wealth of detail, Dvorák makes one



short phrase the groundwork of each section, and the subdued and dolorous tone which prevails, may be justified by the nature of the text; but late in the evening, at the fall-end of a concert, they are apt to weary an ordinary audience. The numbers best appreciated were the opening chorus, the tenor solo, "Fac me vere," splendidly sung by Mr. Lloyd and chorus of male voices; the beautiful duet, "Fac ut portem," for Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Lloyd; and the "Inflammatus," admirably delivered by Madame Patey.

**A NEW MOZART CONCERTO.**—A new violin concerto, by Mozart, never before heard in England, was performed by Herr Joachim at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. It is one of the set of five, written in 1775, probably for Mozart's own use. Simple, redolent of melody, and in the composer's earlier style and most joyous mood, the Concerto in A offered but few difficulties to the violinist, and proved highly interesting to the audience. This was especially the case with the adagio, which Mozart's father, in a letter dated October 9, 1777, considered too "studirt"—an opinion with which audiences of the present day are not likely to agree—and in the finale, a tempo di minueto, interrupted by a long allegro, called by Mozart "the Strasburg dance." This dance, it may be added, on the testimony of Caroline Pichler, consisted merely in graceful movements of the arms and poses of the body, and was generally executed by a very youthful couple within the circle of the waltzers. The programme also included Schumann's Symphony in C, conducted by Mr. Manns.

**CONCERTS (VARIOUS).**—The Sacred Harmonic Society gave on Friday a capital performance of *Elijah*, under the baton of Mr. Hallé, who is now wholly convalescent. Mr. Santley, in the music of the Prophet, and Madame Patey in her magnificent declamation of "Have ye not heard?" and again in "O rest in the Lord!" especially distinguished themselves.—On Saturday, St. Patrick's Eve, an Irish Ballad Concert was given at St. James's Hall; but Mr. Sims Reeves was again unable to appear. A letter from the distinguished tenor states he is well in health, but still suffering from a cold.—On Monday Mr. Walter Bache gave his piano recital, introducing three little album pieces by his friend, Dr. von Bülow, and, of course, pieces by Chopin and Liszt.—On Monday evening the Highbury Philharmonic Society, under Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, performed Schumann's *Pilgrimage of the Rose*.—On Tuesday, Miss Robertson, who will be married next month, had a farewell concert.—A Ballad Concert in aid of the Covent Garden Life-Boat Fund was given at St. James's Hall in the evening with a very miscellaneous programme.—On Wednesday an evening Ballad Concert concluded a successful, if not over-productive, season.

**WAIFS.**—The only novelty in the Richter Concert Prospectus is Brahms' Symphony No. 3, hitherto unheard in this country.—Mr. Hueffer has finished the libretto of the new opera which Mr. A. C. Mackenzie proposes to write for the Carl Rosa troupe next year.—Madame Valleria sailed from New York for England on Wednesday. She intends henceforward to adopt the concert profession.—Beethoven's Mass in D will be performed for the first time at the Albert Hall, on April 2.—M. Ernest Doré, an amateur song composer, and brother of M. Gustave Doré, is dead.—Ten performances of Wagner's *Parisfal* are announced at Bayreuth between July 21st and August 8th.—M. Rubinstein will play at the Colonne Concerts, Paris, towards the end of the month.—A meeting in aid of the Sir Julius Benedict Testimonial Fund will shortly be held at the Mansion House.—Mr. Barnby will compose a short oratorio for the Bristol Festival next year.



**SIGNOR SALVINI'S** impersonation of the hero of *Il Gladiatore* is not, like his Lear and Hamlet, a first appearance, for he has already played this part in London more than once. The tragedy is of French origin, and is the joint work of Alexandre Soumet and his daughter, Madame Daltenheim, who took their theme from a novel by Guirand. *Le Gladiateur*, which is a sort of compound of the *Polyeucte* of Corneille and the *Caligula* of Alexandre Dumas, is a rather pretentious work in verse. Its author was in his day the leader of the "Mitigés," as they were called—a school of French playwrights who, while they regarded with abhorrence the licence of the followers of Victor Hugo, yet were willing to relax in some degree the severe canons of the French classical dramatists. When the play was first produced at the Théâtre Français, in 1841, not even the rugged vigour of Ligier, in the part of the Gladiator, or the splendid scenic representation of a Roman amphitheatre, sufficed to win the public favour. Neither did these advantages save the performance in general from the contemptuous banter of Théophile Gautier, who concluded by pronouncing M. Soumet's play not inferior to the tragedies of the Restoration, and many other "celebrated works," which "have not been reproduced for many years," and which want nothing but a revival on the stage to administer to them their *coup de grâce*. Signor Salvini, however, probably values this rather inflated production for the overshadowing prominence which it gives to the leading character, and, above all, for the opportunities it affords for those marked transitions of mood and those displays of strong passion which are the delight of the tragic actor. There is unquestionably great power in his performance. The scene in which he discovers his own daughter in the Christian girl whom he has been deputed to slay in the Amphitheatre deeply moved the audience at Covent Garden last Friday.

Mr. Irving's arrangements for returning to America next autumn testify to the great success of his present visit. The reappearance of the company at the LYCEUM at Whitsuntide will necessarily be of brief duration, as the theatre is let for the summer, and will be occupied by Mr. Laurence Barrett and an American company while Mr. Irving is away on a short professional tour in the country. It is now definitively arranged that Miss Mary Anderson will return to the Lyceum in September. She will then play Juliet, to be followed by Bianca in Dean Milman's *Fazio*.

Sheridan's *Rivals* will be the next revival at the HAYMARKET. According to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's custom, great pains will be bestowed upon the eighteenth-century decorations and costumes. Mrs. Bancroft will play Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Bernard Beere Julia, Mr. Bancroft Falkland, and Mr. Conway Captain Absolute. It is decided that Mr. Lionel Brough, who will join the Haymarket company on this occasion, shall play the part of Acres.

Mr. Terriss, who will not accompany Mr. Irving on his second American tour, will take TOOLE'S Theatre for a brief summer season upon the departure of Mr. Toole and his company to fulfil their customary round of provincial engagements.

Owing to difficulties arising from the construction of the stage of the NOVELTY, Miss Nelly Harris has determined to postpone the production of the new burlesque on the subject of *The Birds* of Aristophanes. In its stead she will produce, at Easter, a new musical romance, by Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Horace Lennard, based upon Moore's *Lallah Rookh*.

On Monday Mr. Burnand's *Blue Beard* took the place of the same author's *Camaralzaman* at the Gaiety.

Profiting by the advice of the critics, the serious portions of the version of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, at the GLOBE, are to be

omitted in a revised version which Mr. Charles Dickens is preparing for Miss Lotta. At the same time a more marked development is to be given to the comic elements, which are certainly more in the way of Miss Lotta and her supporters.

Much interest is felt in the promised re-appearance of Mr. Royce, for the first time after his long illness, at the Gaiety, this afternoon. Mr. Royce will play his original part in *Little Don Cesar de Bazan* for this occasion only.

It is to be hoped that there is some mistake about the rumour that Mr. Shine and Miss Venne intend in the forthcoming revival of Mr. Arthur Clement's clever burlesque of *Dani Druce* at the GLOBE Theatre, to "make up" in the semblance of Lord Garmoyne and Miss Fortescue respectively.

Mr. Henley, of the Gaiety Theatre, has, with Mr. Hollingshead's permission, been engaged to play a part in *Le Maître de Forges* at the St. James's.

Mrs. Langtry will return to England in July. Her present American tour appears to be even more successful than her earlier visits. The critics pretty generally concur in noting a great improvement in her acting.

A special morning performance will be given at the ADELPHI on Thursday next, when that very natural and pleasing actress, Miss Lydia Cowell, will play the part of Fanchon the Cricket in an adaptation of Georges Sand's famous pastoral drama.

A remarkably clever little afterpiece was brought out at the PRINCE'S Theatre on Monday evening, with the quaint title of *Six and Eightpence*. The title, we need hardly say, refers to a solicitor's fee. In this instance, however, the solicitor gives no advice in return for his legal charge, but simply drops asleep while a wife and husband, each bent on a divorce, relate their grievances, and become friends again. The piece is substantially a dialogue, in which the interlocutors are Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, whose acting is well worthy of this agreeable trifle.

*The Golden Ring* was performed for the hundredth time last Monday at the ALHAMBRA, and will be withdrawn this (Saturday) evening. *The Beggar Student* will be produced on Saturday, April 12th, the theatre being closed for alterations and decorations during the interval.

An amateur performance of the *Heir-at-Law* will be given at St. GEORGE'S HALL, on Saturday, April 26th, at 8 P.M., under the patronage of the Lord Mayor, in aid of the Mansion House Fund for the Improvement of Poor Dwellings.

Mr. Charles Duval gives his monologue performance this evening for the 300th time, at St. JAMES'S HALL. A special programme will be presented on this occasion.

At the GRAND Theatre, Islington, *Never Too Late To Mend* has been replaced by Mr. Tom Taylor's admirable adaptation *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*. Altogether the representation is a fair one, and especial credit may be given to Mr. F. Stanton as Bob Brierley, Mr. H. Cane as Melter Moss, Mr. A. Lyle as Hawkshaw, and Miss Amy O'Neil as May Edwards.

Messrs. Meritt and Pettitt's drama of *The Bread Winner*, in which Mr. George Conquest appears in his popular character as the broker's man, has been revived at the SURREY.



THE CONSECRATION of the first Bishop of Southwell is, it seems, to take place in St. Paul's, and not, as previously announced, in Lincoln Cathedral.

**PREACHING AT DOVER**, on Sunday, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of the tendency in our political action to substitute right for wrong, and gave as an instance the passing of the Corrupt Practices Act. As regarded education, the nation, the Primate said, would not allow it to be irrelevant, and, whatever might once have been the feeling, was now agreed that it should be compulsory.

**CARDINAL HOWARD** is about to be appointed by the Pope Bishop of Frascati, a see filled by Cardinal York, the last of the Royal family of Stuart, who died in 1807.

ON TUESDAY Lord Thurlow presided at a meeting, promoted by the National Sunday League, in support of his coming motion for the Sunday opening of National Museums and Art Galleries. Resolutions in favour of the object were passed. Among the movers and seconders of resolutions were Lords Sandhurst, Harris, Dunraven, Greville, and Truro.

ON WEDNESDAY a Conference of the friends of Sunday observance, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury, was opened at Exeter Hall. A resolution was passed condemning the proposed Sunday opening of National Museums and Art Galleries. Lord Shaftesbury expressed his belief that if the masses were polled there would be found an overwhelming majority against the proposed opening.

THE CENTRAL COUNCIL of Diocesan Conferences, at its first meeting this year, on Tuesday, passed a resolution, moved by Mr. A. Balfour, M.P., expressing its satisfaction with the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the Housing of the Poor, a subject which had been discussed for several years past at Diocesan Conferences.

IN REPLY TO INQUIRIES from the Warden of Keble College, Miss Octavia Hill explains and eulogises the operations of the Parochial Mission Women Society in successfully affording facilities for the deposit, by the very poor and uneducated, of their smallest savings.

**ADDRESSING GATHERINGS OF SALVATIONISTS IN LONDON**, Miss Booth has been giving very favourable reports of the victories of the Army in Switzerland, despite persecution, and in France, notwithstanding its atheism and infidelity.

AT A MEETING held in Ipswich this week, under the auspices of the Liberation Society, a resolution in favour of Disestablishment was rejected, and an amendment, pronouncing it to be unjust, was carried by a large majority.

THE COLLEGE OF HACKNEY, founded in 1803 for the training of Congregational ministers, is, if the requisite funds are obtained, to be removed to a site fronting the Finchley Road.

### BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.

AT Mr. Mendoza's Gallery in King Street a small exhibition has been opened consisting exclusively of works in black and white. They include monotonous pictures in oil and water colours, pen and ink, chalk, and charcoal drawings, and a few etchings. A series of very small drawings of Scriptural subjects on wood blocks form an especially interesting feature of the collection. Three of them realising scenes from the history of Moses are by Mr. E. J. Poynter, and show his accustomed skill in composition and mastery of design. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Cain and Abel" is remarkable alike for the originality of its conception and the fine draughtsmanship of the two figures; and Mr. G. F. Watts' "The Meeting of Esau and Jacob" has the largeness and simplicity of style seldom absent from his work. Mr. Luke Fildes is well represented by the half-length of a picturesquely-attired Venetian girl of robust beauty carrying with easy grace of movement a copper water-pail. Beauty

of a more refined kind, together with great charm of expression, may be seen in the highly-wrought chalk drawing of an Andalusian lady, "Dolores," by Mr. J. B. Burgess. Mr. F. Huard's "A New Acquisition"—an old *connoisseur* curiously examining a porcelain vase—is a good study of character, carefully executed, but it is too obviously an imitation of the work of Mr. Marks. By Mr. W. L. Wyllie there is a capital drawing of "The Sands at Scheveningen," with groups of characteristic figures; and by Mr. R. W. Macbeth two large charcoal sketches, in which he has represented, with very little expenditure of labour, and with only moderate success, children playing on the sea-shore. Mr. J. Webb's oil picture, "A Rough Day on the Dutch Coast" is true in effect, and vigorously handled; and the smaller sketch of "Scotch Fishing Boats in a Gale," by Mr. Edwin Hayes, is full of breeziness and movement. A pen-and-ink drawing of cattle by a riverside by an Italian artist, Tiratelli, is noteworthy for its fidelity in the delineation of natural forms as well as its finished workmanship. Among the few etchings in the collection are "The Head of a Horse," on a large scale, by Mr. Heywood Hardy; a low-toned landscape, "The Summer Moon," by Mr. S. Berkley, and some studies of sporting dogs vigorously drawn and etched with great firmness of touch by Mr. J. Y. Carrington.



WANT of space has compelled us to postpone our usual Magazine Review until now. In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Justice Stephen's paper on "Blasphemy and Blasphemous Libel" may be regarded as most important. The learned judge criticises freely Lord Coleridge's dictum in his judgment in the recent trial, "The Queen v. Foote." "If the decencies of controversy are observed, even the fundamentals of religion may be attacked without a person being guilty of blasphemous libel." Mr. Justice Stephen seems to prove historically, and from past legal decisions—including those cited by Lord Coleridge—that decently worded or not an attack on Christ or Christianity is in the meaning of the law "a blasphemous libel."—"The Harvest of Democracy," by Sir Lepel Griffin, is an entertaining, if dark, picture of the evils attendant on the political system of the United States. The writer's standpoint may be summed up in the following sentence from his article:—"The lowest expediency, the most vulgar and interested motives, the spoils of office, and the pillage of the Municipal or Federal treasury, are the Alpha and Omega of American politics."—The paper by the editor on the late Mr. Hayward will be read with pleasure by every one. Mr. Hayward was a potent factor in modern political, social, and literary life, and yet the outside world knew little of him.

The *Nineteenth Century* opens with the announcement of a new "Sanitary Laws Enforcement Society," with a very influential committee.—"Our Protectorate in Egypt," written at Cairo, by Mr. Edward Dicey, points out that England must take, for a time at least, complete and openly acknowledged control over Egypt. Mr. Dicey gives striking parallelism to a great deal that is now happening from Venetian history. The State Council considered a project for seizing the Isthmus of Suez. "The proposal was discussed for some days, and was opposed on the ground that the Republic had complications enough to deal with already; that it was more for her interest to develop her possessions nearer home; and that the cost of the undertaking might burden her finances. The non-contents carried the day, and the flag of the Lion of St. Mark was never planted on the Isthmus of Suez. The opportunity was lost, the course of trade passed into other hands and channels, and the Queen of the Adriatic became a tradition of the past, the shadow of a great name."

"Stepniak," in the *Contemporary Review*, draws a distinction between "Terrorism in Russia and Terrorism in Europe." The Nihilists, it would seem, object very much to the sanguinary delight in indiscriminate and useless murder which possesses the Irish dynamiters; but their own acts they dignify as a *system of political strife*.—Mr. Walter Besant writes in the same review a pleasant paper on "The Amusements of the People." Puritanism has done away with cock-fighting, bear-baiting, badger-drawing, fowl-squalling, and many other old-time delights of the lower classes; but has scarcely replaced them. Mr. Besant advocates workmen's clubs managed by workmen, and independent of teetotal influences; "Palaces of the People" on a plan similar to that on which Mr. Charles Leland works in Boston; more libraries and theatres in the crowded districts of the metropolis.

The *National Review* begins its March number with an article on "The Opposition and the Country," and protests against the spirit of insubordination to their old leaders recently manifested in the Conservative ranks. It warns the party not to imitate the "Republican rabble," who in moments of defeat always exclaimed, "Nous sommes trahis."—A very agreeable paper is "A Sequel to Rich Men's Dwellings," by Lady John Manners, in which the growth of social extravagance during the last fifty years in fashionable circles is brightly and vigorously portrayed. "Records," writes Lady Manners, "of what are called household expenses in great houses half-a-century back, prove that the so-called requirements of society have increased, while in too many cases the incomes have not increased in proportion."

Whatever the critics may say of Mr. Irving, the great actor cannot complain of not being noticed. Mr. J. Ranken Towse's article on "Henry Irving," in this month's *Century*, is a frank exposition of what the writer takes to be Mr. Irving's defects. The actor's mannerisms are lashed unsparingly. He is not a very great actor, according to this writer, only the greatest of stage-managers. Mr. Towse sums up thus: "He is a reformer of the stage and an educator; and were his faults as an actor ten times more flagrant than they are, his advent here would be a fact of the highest importance. It will undoubtedly affect the whole tone of reputable and capable criticism; for it has set a standard which cannot be ignored. The more bitter the assaults upon Mr. Irving's abilities as an actor, the greater the rebuke to American managers. He has proved that fine plays will be popular if they are properly represented. If they cannot be made popular in New York, it is either because New York has no actors equal to Mr. Irving and his company, or no men capable of scholarly, tasteful, and liberal management."

In the *North American Review* Judge J. A. Jameson asks, "Is Our Civilisation Perishable?" and answers the question with a hypothetical affirmative. He evidently thinks that other eventualities than a return to the "Age of Ice" may send the world back to a primitive barbarism.—General Smalley calls attention to the "Defenceless Sea-Board of the United States"; and certainly, if a first-rate European Power wished to put pressure on the "Great Republic," it would not seem to be very difficult to accomplish.—Among other articles, "Neither Genius nor Martyr," by Alice Hyneman Rhine, is an appreciative study of the relations that subsisted between the late Thomas Carlyle and his wife.

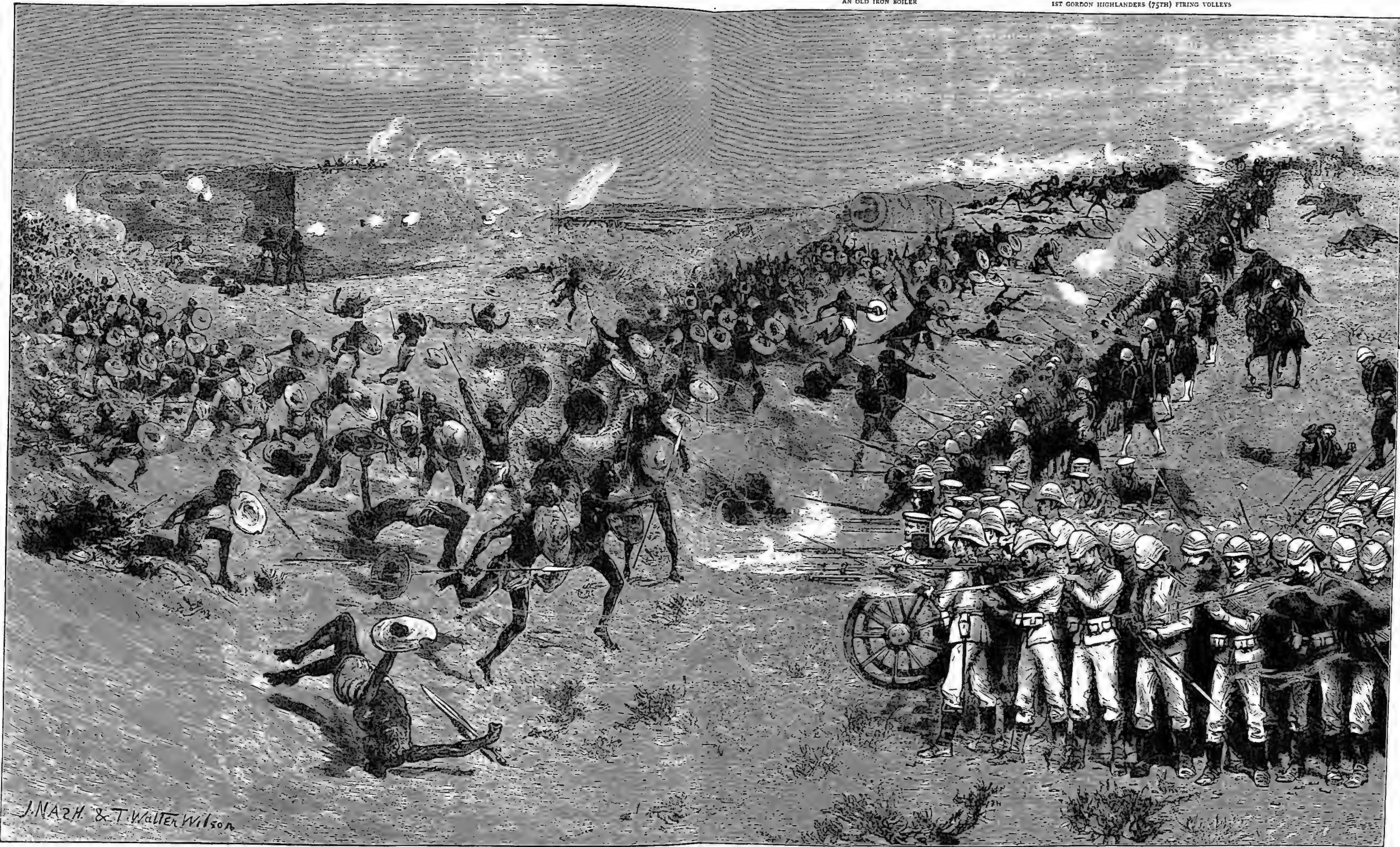
This month's *Macmillan* contains an article on "James Hope-Scott," by Sir Francis H. Doyle, which reviews Mr. Ormsby's life of the husband of Sir Walter Scott's granddaughter and former Fellow of Merton, who became a convert to Roman Catholicism, by the light of personal reminiscence. Mr. Hope-Scott's character had a great charm for those who were privileged with his acquaintance. His beneficence, his goodness of heart, his absolute unselfishness



RUINED SUGAR MILL

AN OLD IRON BOILER

TWO OF BAKER'S KRUPP GUNS JUST CAPTURED AND TURNED AGAINST THE ENEMY  
GENERAL GRAHAM AND HIS STAFF  
1ST GORDON HIGHLANDERS (75TH) FIRING VOLLEYS



J. NASH & T. WALTER WILSON

ONE GARDNER AND TWO GATLING GUNS AT THE ANGLE OF THE SQUARE

1ST YORK AND LANCASTER REGIMENT (65TH)

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—THE SECOND BATTLE OF TEB: GENERAL GRAHAM'S SQUARE CARRYING THE ENEMY'S FIRST POSITION

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



appear to have been boundless. It is with some bitterness that Sir Francis Doyle speaks of the influence of the Roman Church in beclouding the friendship that existed between himself and Hope-Scott. He avers that contact with this religious organisation produced a similar effect on the relation existing between Cardinal Manning and Mr. Gladstone. He says that from the perusal of Mr. Ormsby's book he rises with a feeling of "deep sadness. In spite," he ends, "of Catholic emancipation, in spite even of the abolition of the Irish Church, it is clear that the gulf between our Roman fellow-countrymen and ourselves is wider and deeper than ever. Nay, when I see a man, naturally so moderate and wise as Hope, fling back the last of his great measures of relief into Mr. Gladstone's face, and assure him that he will have done nothing until he has replaced the Roman Church in Ireland just where it was before the Reformation, I cannot but think that this utterance of his was ominous of evil."

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, besides its usual contents, has two good papers, one on "Mortimer Collins," by Charles F. Hall; the other, "Some French Quotations," by Henry M. Trollope. Mortimer Collins was a striking figure in the literary life of our times. His stories were, perhaps, too far-fetched in plot to suit all tastes; but the poetical ear must be sadly wanting in those who deny sweetness and melody to many of his verses.—Mr. Trollope's paper is very readable for those who know French.

As to *Cornhill*, this month's number is not brilliant. "The Piper of Cairndhu" is a ghost story of an excessively improbable kind, i.e., as ghost stories go; and the interest of the reader evaporates long before the end.—Mr. Anstey's "The Giant's Robe" leaves off at an exciting point, as the literary thief, who is so prominent in the tale, seems to be on the verge of being found out.

In *Longman's*, besides the serials and a paper on "Cycling," by Mr. Lucy Illier, there is a weird, improbable story, by E. Nesbit, entitled "A Strange Experience;" and there is also an entertaining paper, by Mr. John Gibson, on some inhabitants of the seas and waters, which has the misleading heading, "Queer Fishes."

The *Art Journal* is well up to the mark this month. Mr. Courty's etching, "Homeless," after A. H. Marsh, is very effective. The intensely black shading of the old woman's cloak and headress is somewhat startling as seen against the evening sky, and the less prominent figure of the girl beside her; but this serves to bring into fuller relief the history of care and toil and time written on the old dame's face. The sad truth of the title is well emphasised in the etching. There is a good illustrated paper on Old Kensington, and a well-written study of the artistic work of F. Sandys; but probably a great many readers will be chiefly attracted by an article by Mr. Raffles Davison on "An Atlantic Liner." Both the drawings and letterpress are good, and reading the paper we feel inclined to envy the good fortune of those who are able to enjoy the luxury of ocean travel on such a floating palace as the *City of Rome* undoubtedly is.

The frontispiece in this month's *Portfolio* is an etching by Mr. R. S. Chattock. The scene pictured is where the River Willy, the river from which Wiltshire derives its name, pours its waters over a broad shallow bed, forded by a long foot-bridge. The atmosphere of the early winter twilight and of a calm evening is well expressed in the sky, in the trees, on the water, and in the smoke that rises from labourers' dwellings in the near distance. The engraving from Mr. Tinworth's relief in terra-cotta, "Preparing for the Crucifixion," is excellently done.—"The Artist in Venice" still continues to be bright and readable. The frontispiece in the *Magazine of Art* is not very attractive; but Mr. Arthur Blaikie's "More About Algiers" is good in style and charmingly illustrated. "Pictures of Japan," by the Editor, will be found amusing and instructive. There are also some fine engravings from the pictures of Basil Verestchagin:—"The Victors," "The Turks at Telisch," and "The Vanquished: The Russians at Telisch." Altogether the Art Magazines are very far from disappointing us this month.

Amateur Magazines are familiar enough among our public schools, but Rugby may claim the honour of establishing the first illustrated periodical of the kind. Thus, the new series of the *Rugby Leaflet*, edited by the boys, starts this month with a very fair etching of Bilton Church, and illustrations of grotesques after Michael Angelo, sketched from casts by the lads, and engraved by amateur hands; while in future amateur drawings will be given dealing with neighbouring scenery, subjects of school life, &c., in addition to the usual prose and poetry. As some of the Rugby boys are frequently taken on sketching expeditions, this little magazine will form an agreeable novelty in school literature.



## RURAL NOTES

**THE SEASON.**—Under the influence of the stimulating sunshine of three summer days in early spring the hawthorn hedges and trees from the smallest buds of green broke half out into leaf, while the gorse and whin put on with almost magical haste their golden dress of bloom. The small creatures of the common, blind-worm, lizard, and snake, stirred from their winter sleep and awoke to the coming summer. In the towns fires were absolutely at a discount, and overcoats were abandoned, while the out-door places of public resort suddenly received a summer accession of visitors and loungers in the sunshine. The nights were comparatively cold.

**THE TOWING-PATH.**—The inquiry which Mr. Maskelyne, himself a "riparian owner," we believe, has obtained into the shutting-out of the public from the Thames will be very useful in many respects. The first Act on our statute book is intended to protect the free use of the Thames, and the importance of keeping open our premier river can scarcely be exaggerated; at the same time it must be remembered that the right of passage on the stream no more gives a right of user over the adjacent land than does a similar right of passage over a dry highway; even the towing-path is private property, for which, in the public interest, the Thames Conservancy pay a yearly rent. The present inquiry will not be all one way, and the injustice inflicted on landowners by many and unchecked trespasses will be revealed as undoubtedly as "public" grievances will be disclosed. We would suggest that if small commons, or even meadows, here and there up the Thames, and adjoining the river, could be secured by purchase as public property, the advantage to people boating up river would be very great.

**THE INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURE.**—The address recently delivered by Mr. Bernard Dyer before this body on Cheese Making should be distributed broadcast over the pastoral counties. Difference of treatment has been found to produce in the same substance by chemical action no fewer than 156 distinguishable varieties of cheese. It is less inspiring to hear that Mr. Dyer considers this action due to the influence of many organisms in the atmosphere bringing about different forms of decay, fermentation, or putrefaction. Processes of artificial ripening engaged much of the lecturer's attention, as undoubtedly they are bound to do that of the successful cheese-maker.

**SHEEP.**—Lambing is now in full season in the country between the Humber and the Clyde. Ewes do not turn out to be in very high

condition; but with temporary shelter and kindly feeding both old and young are doing fairly well. Sheep, fattening on turnips, have suffered from the wind, which, on the northern uplands, has been very keen. Hill stock, though tolerably healthy, are in leaner condition than is usual after such an open winter. Ewes especially are thin, but with fine weather up to Easter a good number of lambs may be relied on. In England, south of the Humber, the fall of lambs is uncommonly good, there being an extraordinary number of twins. Scarcely a case of liver fluke has been recorded, and the only drawback to flockmasters' views is the exceedingly low price to which wool has fallen.

**DISEASED HERDS.**—We question whether anything more disgraceful in the history of English trade can be found than the efforts now making by the foreign stock trade to defeat the Government Bill for protecting our cattle from imported disease. Placards, stating transparent falsehoods in language of rancorous abuse, are displayed along the thoroughfares of our great cities, and "public" meetings of tradesmen and artisans are being held to protest against "dear meat." The statements of these agitators have been demolished again and again; but their appeal being addressed entirely to the interested and the ignorant, this does not diminish the confidence of the organisers of the opposition.

**INCOMING AND OUTGOING TENANTS** in Fifeshire have a curious way of arranging between each other as to the cereal crops. They employ men called "proofer," who go over the crops, and, taking every twenty-fourth stook, stack them by themselves. After standing for a certain length of time, the proof grain is threshed, and from the result in the proportion of twenty-four to one the whole crop is estimated.

**THE HORSE.**—The fifth annual Bishop Stortford Show of Shire-bred colts and fillies will be held on 27th March, when a number of valuable prizes will be given by Mr. Walter Gilbey, of Elsenham, the principal promoter of the Show. A very fine display of first-rate young stock is confidently anticipated.—The Cleveland Bay Horse Society has just been definitely constituted. Mr. James Lowther, M.P., will act as a president, Mr. Dixon, of Marton, as secretary. A prize competition will take place, at Guisborough, on the 1st of April next.

**CORN.**—The following are the average prices of British corn for the past week:—Wheat 37s. 7d., barley 31s. 3d., oats 19s. 8d. Last year prices were:—Wheat 42s. 2d., barley 33s. 11d., oats 22s. 5d., and the depression of arable agriculture may be gathered from a simple comparison of these figures, the prices in 1883 having themselves been decidedly low.—The most recent markets show that depression of value extends not only over England, but also throughout France and Central Europe, and even to America and India. The Imperial averages above quoted do not, low as they are, give the full measure of the depression, for there is Russian wheat to be bought in England at 34s., Indian at 29s., and Persian at 27s., while Danubian barley only makes 21s. 6d. to 23s., Russian oats only 15s. to 20s., Turkish beans only 30s. to 32s., and Danubian rye only 28s. to 30s. per quarter. The prospects of the growing crops are good both at home and abroad.

**CATTLE.**—A sum of 1,500l. is offered as prizes in the special classes for British live stock at the International Agricultural Exhibition to be held in Holland in August and September next. May 1st is the last day for entries, and particulars can be obtained of Mr. H. I. J. Maas, 40, Finsbury Circus.—A correspondent says that grazing stock can hardly be very scarce this spring, for in some districts aborted cows and heifers are abnormally numerous, and the bulk of these will be available for grazing—and, indeed, fit for nothing else. High, however, as the value of stock is, and dubious as are graziers' prospective profits, it is not considered likely that prices will decline this spring; at least, steadiness of value appears to be expected by the best judges of the matter.—There are now only 4,000 diseased animals in the United Kingdom. A dozen times that number were affected at one time during the autumn.

**THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE** have resolved upon supporting the Government Cattle Diseases Bill as amended by the House of Lords. They also recommend that there should be added to the measure the main provisions of Mr. James Howard's Bill, which proposes to establish a cordon around any district in this country where any future outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease occurs, and to authorise the slaughter of actually diseased animals, subject to compensation out of the county rates, or the right of appeal on the part of the owner to the Privy Council. Mr. Borlase, M.P., has resigned the Chairmanship of the Alliance.

**DERBYSHIRE.**—Since the date when the late Lord Vernon started his extensive dairying establishment at Sudbury there has been a tendency on the part of Derbyshire farmers to devote greater attention to dairy products. Lord Scarsdale is now following in the footsteps of the deceased nobleman, and is constructing an establishment at Kedleston, near Derby, to which it is intended farmers shall send their milk, where it will be made into butter or cheese. The venture is being watched with much interest.

**ENSILAGE.**—Two silos have recently been opened, one at Lochaber, the other at Croydton. The latter, which was an inexpensive structure above ground, produced on the top and sides a sodden mass of ensilage, but the bulk proved fair fodder when a large surface quantity of spoil stuff had been removed. The Lochaber experiment was more successful. The ensilage, of a brown, treacly colour, interspersed with streaks of a greenish tint, had a good smell, and was eaten at once, and readily, by the farm stock. The meeting held at Kensington on Monday last, with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in the chair, was a very successful one, and arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the system of ensilage would prove of great value to the country.

**NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.**—At Muiredge farm in Fifeshire, a sparrow's nest, containing four young birds, was discovered on the 11th of March, in a straw stack. This is very early for the locality.—An old friend returns to light in the prehistoric toad, which has been once more dug out of the solid rock, this time of limestone formation, near Screwerston, in Derwicksire. A Captain Norman is stated to be its proud possessor, and according to latest inquiries the interesting batrachian was doing as well as could be expected.—Special efforts are being by certain gentlemen to cultivate the old Basset hound, and for that purpose various prizes are intended to be awarded at coming Shows.—At a recent Poultry Show a "Plymouth Rock" was found to turn the scale at 12lb., a weight which has seldom or never been reached before.

**JAPANESE WEDDING PRESENTS** are not of the practical character favoured in Europe, but are chiefly intended to express some suitable sentiment. Thus at a recent native wedding described by the *Japan Weekly Mail*, the most prominent gift was a mountain formed of rolls of white and red floss silk, the ends of each roll being tied with parti-coloured twine in hard knots, emblematic of the indissolubility of the marriage tie. The floss silk typified gentle but enduring constancy, the strength of its skeins contrasting with their softness and flexibility. Round the base of the mountain were ornaments of fresh rice straw, plaited into the forms of the storks and tortoises of longevity, and the pine bamboo and plum of perpetual bloom, while into the loops of the plants were thrust pieces of the dried Bonito fish, a favourite accompaniment of wedding presents, its name "Katsu-wo-boshi" being a homonym for the three Chinese characters signifying victorious, manly, and brave.



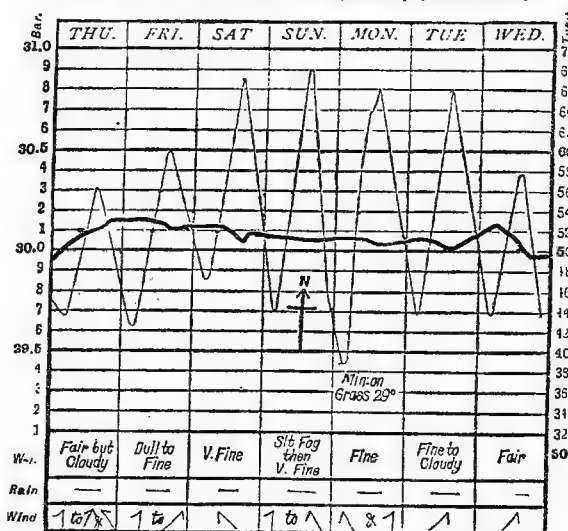
IN THE "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE" *Belt v. Lawes*, another, it is to be feared not the final, stage has been reached. The Court of Appeal have affirmed, with costs in all the actions, the verdict of the jury for the plaintiff. Stay of execution pending a threatened appeal to the House of Lords was peremptorily refused. The damages and costs together payable by Mr. Lawes will amount, it is estimated, to more than 14,000l. under the last judgment.

**FIVE DAYS** have been spent by Mr. Baron Huddleston and a special jury in trying an action brought by Mrs. Weldon against Dr. Forbes Winslow, the well-known lunacy physician, in which she claimed 10,000l. damages for alleged assault and libel. The defendant had entered her house, advised her removal to a lunatic asylum, and made an attempt, which failed, to remove her to one, afterwards, in response to a challenge from her, defending his proceedings in a medical journal. Mrs. Weldon was her own counsel, and among the witnesses whom she called and examined was her own husband. The Judge nonsuited her on the ground that although he thought the husband and the medical men mistaken in supposing her insane, they had acted honestly and without malice, and this was also true of the alleged libels. He complimented Mrs. Weldon on the ability with which she had conducted her case, and expressed his regret that she had no legal redress for the inconvenience to which she had been put. Mrs. Weldon, though non-suited, has not been altogether unsuccessful. In her opening speech she intimated that in bringing the action one of her main objects was to expose the abuses of the Lunacy Laws. Baron Huddleston, in giving judgment, was led by the facts disclosed to pronounce "astonishing" and "shocking" the easy process by which at present any one may be consigned to a private lunatic asylum.

**THE MUCH-TALKED-OF ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE** in which Lord Garmoyle is defendant cannot, it is thought, be tried before June or July. The defendant admits the contract, the jury therefore will merely have to assess the damages.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM MARCH 13 TO MARCH 19, 1884 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The period now under notice has been one in which very fine, and abnormally warm, weather (for the time of year) has prevailed over the greater part of Great Britain. Throughout the week systems of low pressure (many of them of large area) have passed northwards or north-eastwards outside our western and north-western coasts, bringing cloudy, rainy weather to those districts for the greater part of the time, while the high southerly wind which prevailed increased at one time (Friday, 14th inst.) to a moderate or fresh gale. Over the south eastern portion of England, however, the barometer was rather high and steady, with light southerly (south-westerly to south-easterly) breezes, and, on the whole, extremely fine, bright, and warm weather. The high temperatures from day to day, together with the large diurnal range—typical of warm spring weather—are well marked in the accompanying diagram. No rain has fallen. The barometer was highest (30.14 inches) on Friday (14th inst.) and Wednesday (15th inst.); lowest (29.96 inches) on Thursday (13th inst.); range, 0.18 inch. Temperature was highest (68°) on Sunday (16th inst.); lowest (39°) on Monday (17th inst.); range, 29°.

**TOBACCO-PLANTING** is to be tried in Portugal to replace the vines destroyed by the *phylloxera*, as it has been found that tobacco grows best in the districts where the vine-plague has done most damage.

**THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION** will hold the annual dinner on May 24, when Lord Wolseley will preside. This excellent association for the relief of distressed artists and their widows and orphans last year distributed nearly 4,000l. amongst 169 applicants, and is in a fairly prosperous condition, but depends greatly on the product of these dinners for continued success. The Artists' Orphan Fund for the support and education of the children of deceased artists last year assisted 502 children.

**THE COMING WOMAN** IS CAUSING INCREASED ALARM in the United States, where, after much controversy, a Mrs. Mary Miller has been granted a master's certificate to command a steamer on the Mississippi, having passed the necessary examination. Her success has inspired a young woman in Sacramento, California, to apply for the post of conductor to a tramway car, and now many men raise violent cries of indignation against fresh modes of livelihood being invaded by the weaker sex. One doctor complains to a Western journal that lady medico has taken away all his patients and left him and his family on the brink of starvation, so a suggestion is being mildly thrown out that the men should strike until the women return to their proper sphere.

**EASTER CARDS.**—We have received some very pretty Easter Cards from Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. Flowers and silver and arabesque crosses twined with roses form the chief designs, but of the more elaborate cards we may mention one bearing the title, "He is not here. He is risen"—a representation of the Holy Sepulchre, with two angels guarding the linen clothes—from an original painting by J. K. Thompson. The same firm also send us some tastefully executed Birthday Cards. From Mr. Arthur Ackermann we have also received a selection of more pretentious Easter cards produced by Messrs. L. Prang and Co., of Boston, U.S.A., resplendent in silk and fringe, and one magnificent specimen in white silk decorated with narcissus.



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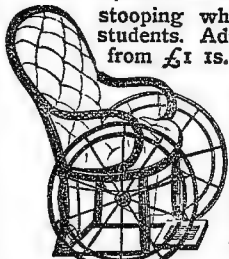
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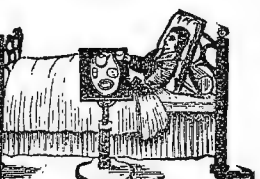


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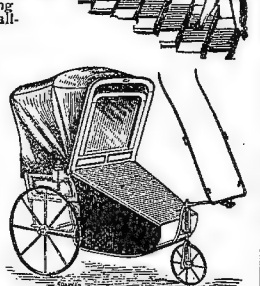


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Preserves the Hands, the Skin, the Lips, preventing Chaps and Roughness, removing traces of exposure to inclement cold and sea air, smooths the surface, whitens, renders supple, and imparts healthy tint to the skin, frees without injuring the pores, is most pleasant to use, and is not greasy. Highly serviceable in cases where the skin is abraded. Excellent for cracked lips, tetter, and sore lips. Vegetable, not mineral, agreeable in perfume. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 3s.

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DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"In the morning I myself, finding the players preparing to start, entered into conversation with one of the women."

## DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### CHRISTMAS TO TWELFTH NIGHT

THUS began the Christmas, which we kept with such Royal state. It has been stated that this was a political meeting. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There was not, during the whole time, one word spoken concerning politics. It is true that my Lord treated Tom as a private and especial friend, and showed him a very singular kindness throughout. It is also true that no two gentlemen could be more unlike each other than these two; for, while one was well read and loved books, the other knew little save what he had been taught, and read nothing but Quincey's "Dispensatory" and his book on "Farriery." Also, one loved the society of ladies, and the other did not; one cared nothing for drinking, which to the other was his chief delight; one loved poetry and music, which to the other gave little or no pleasure. One went habited with due regard to his rank, having a valet to dress him; the other was careless of his dress, generally going about, on his shooting and other business, in great boots and a plain plush coat, stained with wine and weather.

"Friendship," said Mr. Hilyard, "commonly with young men, goes by opposites. If Jonathan resembled his father, he had nothing of David's disposition in him; yet were they friends in youth. The great Coligny and his malignant enemy, Guise, were once close friends, each admiring points of unlikeness. Perhaps my Lord and his Honour admire also, each in the other, points of unlikeness."

Although the party consisted both of Catholics and Protestants, there were no discussions on that account; for, in Northumberland, so many families still belong to the old religion that we can meet each other without quarrelling. It must not, therefore, be thrown in Tom's face that he was a secret friend of Papists. This has been said of him with injustice. In truth there was never a stouter or truer Protestant, though his lawful Sovereign belongs, unhappily, to the opposite faith. "Each," he would say, "for his own religion. Live and let live. Yet not to meddle with the endowments of the Church or to suffer Papists and Nonconformists to enter into the Universities."

On the evening of Christmas Day there was performed for our pleasure the old play of *Alexander and the Egyptian King* by village mummers from Hexham and Dilston. The mummers were dressed up with ribbons and finery in rags and tatters, on their heads they wore gilt paper crowns, they carried swords and had a

fiddler with them who played lustily all the time, whether the speakers were delivering their words or not.

First came the great King Alexander—he was a blacksmith by trade, and a very big and lusty fellow, who wore a splendid crown of paper gilt and a rusty breastplate; he flourished a sword and marched valiantly, strutting like a game cock after a fight. Then he pronounced his verses, and brave verses they were, though afterwards he quite forgot that he had promised to produce for us Dives and a Doctor. The Doctor came in due course, but we looked in vain for Dives, and a great moral lesson was lost. Everybody would like to be rich, yet few know the danger of riches or their own weakness in temptation. After him came the King of Egypt and his son Prince George; the King was stricken in years, and somewhat bent by rheumatism and his trade, that of shoe-mending, but the Prince was a lad whom I knew for as famous a hand with cudgel or quarterstaff as one may hope to see at a country fair. There was no reason why he should wish to fight Alexander, yet it seemed natural that they should immediately on meeting hurl words of reproach at each other and fly to arms. A most terrible and bloody fight it was which followed, the combatants thwacking and hacking at each other in such earnest as made one tremble, save for the thought that the swords were but stout ash twigs painted blue, fitter to raise great weals than make deep cuts. The fiddler meantime ran round the pair, shouting while he played, and the King, so far from feeling terror for his son, clapped his hands and applauded, as we all did. It was arranged that Prince George was to be killed, but such was his stubborn nature that he refused to lie down until the great conqueror, a much heavier man than he, had first covered him from top to toe with blows and bruises. When at length he lay down, the Doctor was called in. This learned man, who was the Clerk of the Parish, impudently asserted his ability to cure all diseases, and, in proof, restored the Prince to life. Then there was another duello between the King and the Conqueror: the reason of which I did not understand, save that it enabled the cobbler to show under what unhappy conditions one bent with his trade has to fight. It needs not to say that the cobbler, too, fell beneath great Alexander's sword. They bore away his body, and all was over.

"But where is Dives?" cried my Lord. "You promised Dives." The actors looked at one another, and presently the blacksmith plucked up courage to explain that there never was any Dives in the piece at all, though it was true that he was regularly promised in the prologue or opening verses.

"Well," said my Lord, "we will excuse the Dives for this once; and thank you, actors all, for a merry tragical piece, in which I know not whether most to admire the skill of Alexander or the courage of the King who dared to meet him. Stand aside, good fellows, and let us go on to the next show."

Then followed the singers and choristers of Hexham, who were ordered to sing none but true North-country songs, of which we have many, and our people sing them prettily and in tune, sometimes one taking treble, and another a second, and a third tenor or bass, and all with justness, according to time and tune very melodiously, the like of which, I think, will not be found elsewhere, save in cathedrals, such as Durham and other places, where anthems are sung. My Lord confessed that he had never heard anything like this rustic singing in France, where the peasants sing on holidays; but not, as our people sing, with gravity and earnestness. First, they sang the song of "The Knight and the Lady":

There was a ladie of the North Countrie  
(Lay the bent to the bonny broom),  
And she had lovely daughters three  
(Lay the bent to the bonny broom).

After that they sang the "Battle of Otterbourn;" then the "Fair Flower of Northumberland;" and then the ballad of "Jock o' the Side;" and, last, the "Jolly Huntsman's Garland," beginning—

I walked o'er the mountains,  
Where shepherds feed their flocks;  
I spy'd a troop of gallants  
A' hunting of the fox.  
With clamours and with hollows  
They made the woods to ring:  
The hounds they bravely follow,  
Making a merry din.

All the gentlemen in the company applauded this song loudly, and with a Whoop! and View Hollo!—no talk of fox hunting, or song in its praise, is complete without. They knew every verse out of the thirty or forty, and the histories, some of which were entertaining, of the gentlemen in honour of whom the song was written. Nothing is more delightful to one fox hunter than to talk or hear of another.

There were other songs, and then all were regaled with a present in money and a plentiful supper of what they most love at Christmastide, namely, a mighty dish of lobsouse, which is a mess of beef, potatoes, and onions, strong of smell and of taste, and therefore grateful to coarse feeders. After the lobsouse they had plum porridge and shrid pies, with as much strong ale as they could



carry, and more. Yet most of them could carry a great deal, Alexander the Great went away with a barrel or so within him, a mere cask of ale; and the King of Egypt was carried from this field of honour as from the other.

One thing I must relate in my Lord's honour. Among the singers was a plain man (yet he had a sweet, rich voice), who was pointed out to him as a Percy by descent. He was but a stone-cutter, yet a descendant in the direct line from Jocelyn, the fourth Earl; and I knew not how his forefathers fell so low. Lord Derwentwater waited until the singing was over, and then stepped forward and offered his hand to this man as to a gentleman, and sent for a bottle of wine which he gave him, with a purse of five guineas, saying that the Percys and the Radcliffes were cousins. The good man was greatly abashed at first, but presently lifted his head, and carried off his bottle and his purse with resolution and pride. This circumstance, simple as it may seem, greatly raised the character of his Lordship, for the common people, many of whom are descendants—even though by-blow—of the gentlefolk, greatly regard and are highly jealous of descent—so that at Hexham it is a great thing to be a Radcliffe, as in Redesdale it is a great thing to be a Hall, and as at Bamborough one would be a Forster if one could, and at Alnwick a Percy. To give a poor man a present because he is of noble descent is a small thing certainly; yet it was done with so great an ease and kindness that it touched all hearts.

If, on Christmas Day, we amused ourselves after the manner of the people and were happy in their way, we were promised, a few days later, a performance of a quite different and more fashionable kind. It was through Mr. Hilyard, who always knew everything that was going on in the neighbourhood—how, one knows not, save that he was ever talking with carriers, postboys, and gipsies, and always had a kind word and a crust or a groat for a vagrant, nor cared to inquire if he were honest or not, but helped him, he said, because he was a man, and therefore stamped, like his unworthy self, with the Divine effigies. He reported that there was a company of players at Newcastle, who could doubtless be persuaded, in the manner usually found effective among such people, to journey as far as Dilston Hall. And he sent off without delay a messenger who was to run the whole way, twenty miles, with a letter from himself, to bring them, bag and baggage. It was the same company, though this he told us not (but I remembered their faces) as that among whom we had seen him, for the first time, play Merry Andrew, but the younger actresses were changed, as is, I am told, a very common occurrence, their beauty and their cleverness getting them rapid promotion, and, in some cases, good husbands. Why, Lord Derwentwater's grandmother was herself but an actress, though she made a King fail in love with her.

These strollers were so poor—for the profits of each night's performance are but a few shillings to be divided among all—that they joyfully acceded to the invitation, and jumped at an offer which was to them nothing short of beef and beer and lodging for a month to come, so generous was my Lord.

He had never seen an English play. Nor had I myself, or Tom, or any of the young gentlemen, though I had often heard my father speak of Drury Lane and the little theatre in the Haymarket, the amusements of which he often enjoyed when in London on his Parliament business.

"I have witnessed the playing," said my Lord, "at the Comédie Française, where they play very finely the tragedies of the great Racine and Corneille and the comedies of Molière. I have also attended a performance of Madame de Maintenon's sacred plays with which she amuses His Majesty; and I have seen the Italian troupe, who are full of tricks and merriment, and have a thousand ingenious arts to divert their company. The Play is truly a most polite form of entertainment, and would be more delightful if the *parterre* could be by any means induced to remain quiet, and if the actors could have the stage to themselves, without the three rows of gentlemen who interrupt the performance by loud talking, and encumber the movements of the actors. Mr. Hilyard, I beg that you will allow no seats upon our stage. We will all sit in front."

At Dilston, as everywhere, Mr. Hilyard was entrusted with the management of our amusements.

"I appoint you, sir," said my Lord, "if I may, our Master of the Revels, and I require but one thing of you—that you please Miss Dorothy."

I was so much pleased that never since have I lost the memory of that fortnight, and dwell upon it with such delight in the recollection as I cannot express in words. Oh! I said it is (if we do not apply the thought to our spiritual advantage) that youth and beauty must fade, that love cannot always follow a smooth and easy course, and that the things we most desire should so often be snatched from our grasp just as we think them within our reach. To meditate upon the fleeting and momentary return of earthly happiness is now my lot. The thought of the past would be too much for me, were it not for the heavenly blessing and Divinely given hope that there is another and a more lasting youth before us. Why what is it to pass through a few years of old age and solitary decay when there awaits us another life in which I shall meet again my Lord, with that same noble face which I remember so well, and those kindly eyes which, like the eyes in a portrait on the wall, follow me still, though they are long since closed in death? The face and the eyes will be the same; but—oh!—glorified and in the living image of God. And as for me, my poor beauty that I loved so well, yet lost without a sigh when my friends were gone, that, too, will be given back to me and more, with such heavenly graces as are vouchsafed to those who believe. There will be no marrying nor giving in marriage; but a pure and innocent love will flow from one soul to another, so that my Lord will meet me again with such a look in his sweet eyes as he wore in those old days at Dilston Hall. Therefore, weep no more, poor Dorothy; but patience, and tell thy story.

The play which Mr. Hilyard chose for us was Congreve's *Mourning Bride*. He had read it to me more than once; but although the situation, even to one who reads or listens to the poem, is full of horror, and the unravelling of the plot keeps the mind agreeably on the stretch of expectation, I was not prepared for the emotions caused by the actual representation of the piece before my eyes. Mr. Hilyard arranged for the performance in the Great Hall, providing a curtain and footlights as in a real theatre, with scenery to help the imagination. Thus the scene in the temple or church was an awful representation of aisles and columns which one was easily persuaded to regard as real, though they were nothing in the world but rolls of canvas or linen daubed with grey paint. And thus (but I ought to have expected something from Mr. Hilyard's vast importance) a most agreeable surprise awaited us. Not only did our Master of the Revels himself pronounce a prologue, beginning—

Far from the London boards we've travelled here,  
Bringing with us, to make you better clear,  
Great Dryden, Congreve, Shakespeare, Farquhar, Rowe,  
To raise your mirth and bid your tears to flow,

and ending—

Do thou, my Lord,  
Fresh from the splendour of a Court, bestow  
(Though all our art be simple and our show  
But rustic) gracious audience; and while  
We strive to please, do thou be pleased to smile.  
Of ye, O fair!—we ask, but not in vain,  
To think 'tis London and at Drury Lane.  
See Osmyn tug his chains and Zara say,  
"Bless'd be the death which wiles for you this night away."

"Upon my word," said my Lord, "Mr. Hilyard is a much more ingenious gentleman than I thought."

"He is well enough," said Tom. "But this verse writing is mighty silly skumble-skamble stuff."

Then the curtain drew up, and the play began. Everybody knows this most beautiful tragedy, in which Almeria mourns the bridegroom torn from her at the very hour of her marriage, and drowned by being wrecked. But—and here is the dramatist's art—her father is not to know of the marriage, therefore it is supposed that Almeria was a prisoner in Valencia, and that her husband was none other than the King of Valencia's son, but that the town was taken by Almeria's father, and the King and Prince Alphonso were forced to fly, and so taken captive or perished in the waves. The actress was a young woman of some beauty set off by art; she was of light complexion, with very fair hair and blue eyes, which I was of light complexion among the Spaniards, and showed very well darsay are common among the Spaniards, and showed very well under her black mourning habits. She spoke her part so naturally, telling the story of her hasty marriage and the loss of her groom so movingly, that we were all in tears from the beginning. And picture our astonishment when we discovered in the second scene that the prisoner, Osmyn, was none other than Mr. Hilyard himself! Instead of a wig, he wore a Moorish turban; instead of a coat and waistcoat, a suit of chain armour (borrowed from the wall of the very Hall where the play was acted). He was fettered with heavy chains, which he rattled dolefully; his face was full of sternness and resolution (quite unlike the short face and twinkling eyes of Mr. Hilyard), and his head was thrown back to express his scorn of his conqueror. I do not know why any one should scorn a conqueror, but in Plutarch and in the drama they always do so. A conqueror, methinks, should be admired as the stronger and more skilful; if fate permits it he should be imitated. But perhaps the scorn is intended to show the defiance of virtue, even though vice be for the moment victorious.

He had little to say in the first act. But in the second he showed the greatness of his soul. The scene is in the aisle of a great church; the hearers were awed and terrified by the words of Almeria:—

It strikes me awe  
And terror on my aching sight. The tomb  
And monumental caves of death are cold,  
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart!

She finds Osmyn; he is weeping at his father's tomb, for behold, Osmyn is none other than Alphonso. The raptures of their meeting are interrupted by the arrival of Zara, also one of the captives. She is in love with Osmyn. (After the performance I reflected that it must be an unusual thing for prisoners, male and female, thus to wander unrestrained about a church at midnight. Where were Osmyn's fetters?) She upbraids him with his coldness, and offers liberty for love. He refuses. Then she threatens him, and on the arrival of the King has him conveyed to prison and the immediate prospect of death with rack and whips. Mr. Hilyard (I mean Osmyn) went to face it with so heroic a countenance that we could not choose but wonder. Did one ever believe that Mr. Hilyard could face death and torture with so bold a front? I declare that, for one, I have ever since considered the courage of this peaceful scholar as tried and proved, nor is it any answer to say that an unshrinking mien may be assumed even by a coward in the presence of pretended torture. I am perfectly assured that no coward could assume without betraying himself so assured and finished a guise of heroism. In the morning, on reflection, I thought it strange that the King as well as his prisoners should spend the night in wandering among the tombs of a church.

In the third act Osmyn is visited in prison by his friend Heli (I forget whether he was also a prisoner, or merely a wandering friend), who informs him that there are hopes of a mutiny among the troops, and that Zara may assist to release him. In fact, Zara comes—she was a brunette, with speaking eyes, and very finely, as I thought, played the part of a hapless woman who loves where she is not loved in return. She promises assistance, hoping for reward. She then retires, apparently to make room for Almeria, but returns to discover Almeria with the captive. This fires her resentment:

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

In the fourth act things present a most dreadful outlook to Almeria and her fettered husband; but in the fifth all, by a most fortunate and Providential succession of murders, ends well. First, a mute carrying messages is slain; the King takes the place of Osmyn (or Alphonso) in the prison, and is murdered by mistake; Zara poisons herself, and throws herself upon the body of the King, whom she supposes to be Alphonso; Almeria comes, and prepares to imitate her rival; when Alphonso, victorious and triumphant, bursts upon the scene, and saves her just in the nick of time. To tell how the tragic story filled my heart with pity and terror while it was acting, how Almeria bewailed her fate, how Zara raged, how nobly Mr. Hilyard (or Alphonso) bore himself, would be impossible. Suffice it to say that we wiped away our tears, and were happy again, though the stage was strewn with dead bodies, when Alphonso spoke the last lines:

Still in the way of honour persevere,  
And not from past or present ills despair,  
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,  
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

There were others present who enjoyed the play as much as I did, though my Lord said that, in his poor opinion, and compared with the majestic work of Racine, it was but a poor piece, and that the situations were forced, with too much blood. All the servants who chose to come were allowed to stand at the lower end. And, though some of them gaped and wondered what it all might mean, there were others who looked on with delight. Among them was my maid Jenny, whom I discerned standing on a stool at the far end, her face aglow with a kind of rapture, her great black eyes like coals of fire, her lips parted, and her body bent forward—things which I remembered afterwards.

This girl, who was, as I have said, clever, sharp, and faithful, I had taught to read. I am well aware that I am open to censure for doing this. The possession of the key to learning is a dangerous thing. It is certainly a question which still remains to be answered, whether persons in that class should be taught to read; for, in the first place, a little learning is a dangerous thing. Again, discontent is easily acquired when one learns how many, from obscure origins, have become rich. Thirdly, it has been abundantly proved that there is no villain like a villain who can read and write. On the other hand, it seems good that a man or woman should be able to read the Prayer Book, Catechism, and Psalms of David in the vulgar tongue, and the Bible as well, provided always that the interpretation of it be modestly left to clergymen of the Established Church, and not undertaken by private judgment. As for matters of daily work, such as the farm and the house and medicine, it is certain that book learning will never become so good as the teaching of those who have learned from their fathers and mothers. However, be it right or wrong, I taught the girl to read; and Jenny, though this I knew not, began to read everything she could find at all times when she was not at work. Among other things she read (it is supposed) some volumes of plays which belonged to Mr. Hilyard.

When the play was over, Jenny, instead of going to bed as a good girl should have done, must needs wait about (this I learned afterwards) until the players went to their supper, and after supper she sat up with them, listening open-mouthed to their talk. It seems that people of this profession scarce ever go to bed before one or

two o'clock in the morning, because after their great passion and the excitement of so many emotions, they are fain to sit up till late, recovering the calmness of spirit necessary for quiet sleep. I know not what they said to her, or she to them; but afterwards she was never the same girl; she had moods and fits; would cry for nothing and laugh at a little; read more books of plays; and, among the other maids, would imitate not only the actresses but also the very gentlemen of the company to the life, their voice, gestures, and manner of bearing themselves. This was a very impudent and disrespectful thing to do. I have also reason to believe—but as I never charged it upon him, so he never confessed—that Mr. Hilyard himself secretly encouraged the girl to learn, and taught her to declaim with justness of emphasis and proper management of voice, passages from the poets. Great scholar and wit though he was, he did not sufficiently consider the consequences of his actions. To teach such a girl to deliver poetry with eloquence was as much as to give a man who hath no money a taste for the most costly wines.

This, however, by the way.

In the morning I myself, finding the players preparing to start, entered into conversation with one of the women, the one who played Zara. She was a young woman of genteel carriage and respectful speech, who, off the stage, although upon it she was so queenly in her bearing and so full of fire and action, might very well have passed for a respectable seamstress or milliner. As for the woman who played Leonora, she was the wife of him who played the King, I found, and middle-aged, with a baby. First of all, when I spoke to Zara, I found she was shy, as if afraid that I should despise or insult her, a thing of which I am told actors are very jealous, because by statute law they are regarded as rogues and vagabonds.

"I have heard," my Lord told me, "that there was once a great actress, an incomparable creature, who was so enraged by the insults of the *parterre*, that she returned them with scorn and indignation. They clapped her in prison for this *dis-majesté*, but when she was allowed to come out again, she refused ever to act again."

Well, but I did not wish to show contempt for anybody, much less a virtuous and honest young woman, as I have no doubt Zara was, and I made haste to compliment her on her rare and wonderful gift of impersonation, adding that I had learned to respect the art from my tutor, Mr. Hilyard, whom they had allowed to play Osmyn. Then I asked her about her way of life, and if she was happy. She replied that, indeed, for happiness she could not tell, because poor folks are never overwhelmed with happiness, that the pay was uncertain, and sometimes food was scanty, and there were times when to play in a barn for a supper was counted great gain, yet (I remembered afterwards that Jenny stood beside me and was listening with open mouth) the delight of acting ("Oh! Ha!" a gasp and a sigh from Jenny) was so great as to counterbalance the evils of poverty. That, to be sure, fine ladies look down upon an actress as mere dirt beneath their feet; but what signifies that, since one need never speak with a fine lady? That it was a hard life, in which a body hath no time to be ill or to be wearied, or to have any mood or mind of her own, but always ready for a new part and to play a new passion. Yet, that this evil was compensated by the freedom and variety of the life. "Consider, Madam," she said earnestly, "I am the daughter of poor people in London: if I were not an actress, I should be a kitchenmaid in a lady's house, or a common drudge to a tradesman's wife, or perhaps a dress-maker, or serving woman to a coffee house or a tavern, or, if I had good looks, perhaps, a shop girl, to sell gloves, ribbons, and knick-knacks, in Cranbourne Alley. Your Ladyship doth not know, I am sure, the rubs and flips which we poor women have to endure from harsh masters. What is our character to them, provided fine gentlemen come to the shop and buy? and what do they care what becomes of the poor girls? One gone, another is easily found. All poor people must be unhappy in some way, I suppose. Give me my liberty"—here Jenny choked—"if I must starve with it. But we all hope for better times, and, perhaps, before we grow old and lose such good looks as the Lord hath given to us, an engagement at York Theatre—or, even"—here she gasped as one who catcheth at a bunch of grapes too high—"at Drury Lane."

So they packed up their dresses, and gilt crowns, and their tin swords, and fineries, and went away, well pleased with the generous pay of my Lord.

But Mr. Hilyard went about with his chin in the air, still thinking himself Osmyn for many days to come.

"Are there," asked my Lord, "many scholars of Oxford who can act, and write verses, and play the buffoon, and sing like this strange man of yours, Miss Dorothy? In Paris, such a scholar becomes an Abbe, and he may make as many verses as he pleases, and pay court to as many patrons and be lap dog to fine ladies, but act upon the stage he may not."

Yet he congratulated the actor with the kindness which belonged to his nature, trying to make him feel that his genius and the variety of his powers were admired and understood. And before we came away my Lord gave him a snuff-box, which Mr. Hilyard still carries and greatly values. It contains upon the lid a picture of Danae, believed to be the portrait of Nell Gwynne.

"But as for his acting," my Lord went on, "I care not who acts nor what the piece, so long as thou art pleased, fair Daphne. For to please thee is at present all my thought and my only care. Ah! blushing, rosy English cheek! Sure nowhere in the world are the women so beautiful as in England, and nowhere so true and good as well as in my own country."

With such pretty speeches he ended everything. If it were a ride, it must be whither I pleased; if we walked, it must be in what direction I commanded; when we dined, the dishes were to be to my liking; if I ventured to praise anything, it must become my own—nay, I think that, had I chosen, I could have stripped the walls even of the family portraits, carried off the treasures which the house contained, and borne away all the horses from the stable. My Lord possessed that nature which is never truly happy unless it is devising further happiness and fresh joyful surprises for those he loves.

(To be continued)



B. WILLIAMS.—"Distant Lands," words by "J. K. D.," music by W. M. Hutchinson, is a useful song published in three keys, carefully written, but by no means one of his most felicitous compositions.—"In Port" is a song full of healthy pathos, written and composed by Charles Bradberry and Odoardo Barri.—Touching words and music by H. Trotter combine to make "Ever Dear" one of the prattiest songs of the day.—A merry song for a light-hearted singer is "A Village Coquette," written and composed by Harold Wynn and Louis Diehl.—The instrumental music in our budget is particularly good this time. "Ye Earlie English Gavotte," by Bret Walda, is an excellent specimen of this prolific school.—Of the same cheerful type is "Dolly Varden, an Olde Englishe Dance," by Carl Olma.—"Ballonchio" is a lively and tuneful piece for the pianoforte, by J. Pridham.—A brace of cheerful and taking pianoforte pieces are



"Marche des Bons Camarades" and "The Merry Peasant" (Schumann), by Emil Waldmiller.—Again we come upon a gavotte, and a merry one, "Entre Nous," by Eugene Barnett.—Gustav Lange's charming "Blumen Lied" has been arranged with taste by J. Iridham as a violin solo, with pianoforte accompaniment.—A trifle bombastic but melodious, and the time well marked, is "The Bride's March," composed for the pianoforte by James Loaring, F.C.O.—The gorgeous frontispiece of "The Highland Patrol," a descriptive march by Edward Belville, raises expectations which are hardly fulfilled by the music therein contained.—This is not the case with two sets of waltzes by Carl Olma, which are pleasing to the eye as well as the ear, "Chère Amie," with its dainty sprays of May blossom and forget-me-nots, and "Ever Dear," with its æsthetic vase and bouquet of carnations. Both have vocal accompaniments, which, as we have said before, are great mistakes.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Twenty songs for soprano or tenor form Volume III. of "Schubert's Songs." We need scarcely say that amongst them are included most of the old favourites by this clever composer; for example, "The Erl King," "Mignon," "To a Brooklet," and "Margaret's Prayer."—The current number of "Primers of Musical Biography" is devoted to the life of Berlioz, treated most exhaustively by Joseph Bennett. This series is another welcome publication for which we are indebted to this enterprising firm.—No. I. of "Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Albums for Violin and Pianoforte" contains four of Mendelssohn's most celebrated marches, "The Wedding March," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Athalie," and "Funeral March," all extremely well transcribed by Berthold Tours.

MESSRS. AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.—The words of "Song Memories" are very pathetic, the music is very appropriate to them. It is written and composed by Godfrey Marks for a mezzo-soprano.—Humorous, but without a tinge of vulgarity, is "Two Sides to a Hedge," a tale of the tit-for-tat school; words by Frederick Wood, music by Henry Pontet.—A plaintive song, healthy in sentiment, is "Apart;" words by Alton Rode, music by William H. Hunt, B. Mus., London.—"Tarantella for the Pianoforte," by Humphrey J. Stark, if played with taste and spirit, will be asked for again and again. Two pleasing drawing-room pieces are "Gavotte in F major," by Alma Sanders, and "Silver Bells," a mazurka, by Charles Rawlings; neither of the two are difficult, and both may quickly be learnt by heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Cloudless Days," a vocal waltz, words and music by Felicia, is a fairly good specimen of its type (Felix Peck).—"Hope" is a pretty ballad, replete with moral sentiment; written and composed by L. H. Clemens and Theodor L. Clemens (The London Music Publishing and General Agency Company).—A smoothly-written and melodious nocturne is "Eventide," by J. L. Phillips (L. Donagowski).—Very showy, and decidedly out of the common groove, is "Albino Valse," by Henri Stanislaus (J. Herbert Marshall).—Those of our readers who are meditating learning the violin cannot do better than carefully study Otto Langey's "Tutor for the Violin." The most clear and explicit directions for the handling and mastering of this beautiful but difficult instrument are given, and the progressive exercises from first to last are very excellent (Messrs. Riviere and Hawkes).—A pretty unaccompanied four-part song is "Lullaby," words by W. Chatterton Dix, music by A. Morris Edwards (Messrs. Philip J. Smith and Sons, Bristol).—"Good Night, My Own," is a graceful serenade for a baritone, written and composed by Somerset Frank and J. N. O'Donovan (Alphonse Cary, Newbury).—It took three persons to write, compose, and arrange "Dreams of a Kingdom Golden," a fairly good song—namely, Hubert Bower, Adrian Stokes, M.D., and H. A. Harding, Mus. Doc., Oxon; the result was scarcely equal to the pains bestowed by the united band (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).—Breathing loyalty in every word and note, "God Save our Dear Princess," words by Richard Harris, music by Livesey Carrott, will please and gratify the numerous enthusiastic admirers of our Princess of Wales, for whom the complimentary words are intended (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).—Another important addition has been made to the list of vocal exercises by Albert B. Bach in his "Tägliche Stimmübungen" (Daily Exercises), which contains full and explicit directions, in German and English, for the cultivation of the voice, which, if studied and faithfully carried out, will prove of great value to the student (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—"Hush-a-Bye," cradle song for the pianoforte, by Eaton Fanning, is very charming, and would soothe to slumber the most wideawake of infants (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—Three very pleasing specimens of superior dance music are "Sparkling Sprays" schottische, by Edmund Slicer (Messrs. Willey and Co.); "Mignonette," polka mazurka, by W. F. Lancelotti, and "Bonne Nuit" polka, by B. J. Wylien (the Central Music Publishing Company).



"OLD BOSTON" will soon have very little to complain of in the way of neglect at the hands of either native or British fiction. In her novel of that name (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.) A. de Grasse Stevens undertakes to tell once more the story of the birth of American independence. As time passes, the fascination arising from the contrast between the characteristic elements of an old-world English colony, and the outburst of the new gospel of liberty, constantly increases; the countless pettinesses of the original issue become picturesque, and the original actors are thrown far enough back to receive a varnish of heroic poetry without its appearing out of keeping. It is this possibility of sentimental and poetical treatment which has most influenced the authoress of "Old Boston." She is very far indeed from competing with Miss Hoppus's fine romance of history, "A Great Treason," which recently covered with such completeness of success so much of the same ground. The method of the present novel neither shows the inseparable connection of public with domestic history, and the mutual influence of the one upon the other, nor does she attempt any subject of enduring interest as Arnold's treachery. Her plan is to make a sort of diorama of portraits and episodes, and to connect them by means of the personal interest of a love story. Unfortunately, the love story is not interesting enough to make the reader content to be absorbed in the sorrows of Dot and Anais, while he sees, so to speak, glimpses of things really worth reading about through a half-open window. Such glimpses as are caught are always effective, and often brilliant, so that their incoherent and fitful presentation is the more to be regretted. With the heroine, whose memory it is the supposed purpose to vindicate, it is impossible, despite any amount of bidding, to feel the faintest sympathy; and she has every right to protest against what her imaginary descendant mistakes for ultra-washing. Indeed, the principal fault of the romance is its ultra-sentimentality, not to say mawkish tone; the next is the incapacity of the authoress for dealing with things masculine, whether consisting of the ancient history of our American Colonies, and a remarkable faculty for putting life of some sort, whether the real or the unreal, into the results of her reading.

It was hardly worth the while of Mr. J. F. Pullan, in his preface to "Victims of a Legacy" (2 vols.: James Blackwood and Co.), to

inform his readers that Mr. Rammage is a representative religious, or rather irreligious, teacher; or that the career of Bella is the natural result of his teaching. Mr. Rammage is clearly enough merely the necessary villain of a story which requires one, and Bella is the picture of a woman who has been persecuted, not guided, into sin. At the same time, but for Mr. Pullan's disclaimer, we should have supposed him to have intended to show the connection between want of faith and want of moral strength; and, despite his preface, still think that some such wholesome purpose lay in his mind. On the other hand, his contrasted heroine, Lucy, exemplifies the power of coldness of nature, rather than of high principle, in keeping a woman straight among the rocks and shoals of life: for virtue is obviously easy where temptation is easily overcome. In what way the victims of their own follies and passions can be called victims of a legacy is by no means easy to perceive. Indeed, there is but one victim at the close—the Bella already mentioned, who runs away from her husband to be practically cast off by her lover: an exceedingly contemptible scoundrel, who nevertheless fills the rôle of hero, and, by his marriage with the faultless Lucy, makes sin and vice finally triumphant over all obstacles. The result is obviously a sort of moral chaos. What interest the story contains apart from the characters is diminished by too much use of that machinery of misunderstandings between lovers which a grain of common sense would render impossible, and which, more than anything else, proves poverty of invention. There are amusing points and passages, however—as where Bella's stepmother ascribes her stepdaughter's moral and social ruin to not having taken a dose of fruit salt a month ago. There is no doubt sound philosophy in the old lady's strictly physical view of emotional catastrophes, without any reference to the particular remedy which she favoured. Altogether Mr. Pullan is at his best in his subordinate characters.

"Plutus Adonis: a Mythical Hero," by Sara M. Hardwick (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is not very easy reading. All the characters, male and female, old and young, high and low, talk precisely alike, in the same curiously disjointed and jerky sentences, so that it is next to impossible to distinguish one from the other. Moreover, they do all their thinking, and even conceal their knowledge of necessary facts, between the lines, thus putting the reader at a very considerable disadvantage. Many points, apparently of importance, are never really cleared up at all, so as to worse confound the general confusion. Misunderstandings are exceptionally profuse—indeed, everybody seems to misunderstand everybody all round. One girl is so exceedingly stupid as to fancy that her lover is in love with her sister, and so completely idiotic as to endeavour to escape what she causelessly fears will be a loveless marriage by hiding the wedding ring—a trick which actually causes the ceremony to be postponed, as if bridegroom, clergyman, and all present imagined one particular ring to be essential to the office of matrimony. However, all ends well; and there is no reason why everything should not have begun well but for the tiresome blunderings of all concerned. Miss Hardwick, however, must not be held altogether responsible for the use of a machinery which is becoming almost universal in these trouble-saving days; or for a style which is no doubt as easy to write as it is irritating to read. Perhaps the jerky, incoherent manner is more like actual conversation than more polished sentences would be; but then actual talk would be simply intolerable in print, as anybody who cares to make the experiment can easily prove.

Mrs. John Kent Spender has generally gone to work upon the theory (expressly laid down, if we remember rightly, in one of her former works) that a novel is never the worse for "ending badly," and is often all the better. Thackeray laid down the sounder and more practical rule that nobody ever reads twice a novel with a bad end. But then, as the people who have ever read any novel twice must by this time have become exceedingly rare, Mrs. Spender has probably not lost much by her very decided taste for sorrow and gloom. In "Mr. Nobody" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) she has done her best to make a cheerful *dénouement* correspond with a cheerful title; but her courage seems to have given way at the last moment, as if she could not quite make up her mind to indulge in such hilarious dissipation as downright wedding bells. However, her readers will thank her for the suggestion that even such things might become possible in time. With her prevailing doleful tone there is no need to quarrel, but a "melancholy interest" requires to be stronger and more profound than a lively one; and we cannot think that the most resolute taste for tears will feel disposed to bestow many of them upon the *dramatis personæ* of "Mr. Nobody." Not only is interest wasted upon what turns out to be a disconnected and unnecessary introductory story, much too far removed from the real plot in point of time and persons, but the entire novel has the air of being itself an introduction, and ends before it seems to have begun. This is due to the method of construction, for the plot is a good and strong one. But though the authoress has made next to nothing of her opportunities, she always writes with some more or less distinct purpose, and credits her readers with some powers of reflection.

"Vestigia," by George Fleming (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), is a slight but an exceedingly charming and touching tale. The author has said exactly what he had to say, as simply and shortly as possible, and then come at once to a natural end. It is the story of a young Italian who has to choose between love, friendship, family affection, and all earthly happiness on the one hand, and loyalty to principle on the other; it is also the story of a grand piece of self-sacrifice on the part of his evil genius which cuts for him a knot otherwise insoluble. Of the incidents we will say nothing, lest we should injure the interest of a story eminently worth reading for itself, apart from the grace with which it is told. We must call attention, however, to the description of Dino's last day before he is to become an assassin, as a masterpiece of dramatic insight, and more especially to the portraiture of his betrothed, Italia, to whom he is at once so false and so loyal. She is a charming and original sketch throughout: a sketch too expressive and delicate for any amount of filling up to improve. One irritating trick must be noted, however—that of making Italian boatmen and peasants talk in the curious, conventional dialect put into the mouths of their humbler characters by novelists who have to make English peasants talk, without knowing how. No doubt "Mr. Fleming" does this on principle, to mark differences of rank and dialect; but the principle is absurd. He gains quite enough flavour of this sort from the proverbs and homely maxims of Andrea, of which most, if indeed some be not as original as they are happy, are new to print. These almost irresistibly tempt to free quotation, and give the book the wholesome salt of humour.

"Introduced to Society," by Hamilton Aidé (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is another work of a purposely slight character, not obtaining much importance, but, perhaps, quite as much as it aims at. It is lively and amusing, and certainly has the interest of freshness and novelty. The principal incident, that of an attempt on the part of a son to pledge jewels which turn out to be paste substitutes put in by his equally necessitous father who had anticipated him, is ingeniously treated, and, though intended for an episode only, gives the story a sort of climax in which it would otherwise have been wanting. The hero and heroine, who set out with mutual prejudice, and only arrive at union after a series of misunderstandings, are, of course, old acquaintances; but these also play their parts with life and vigour. "Introduced to Society" is little more than a developed anecdote, but the anecdote is well chosen, and has plenty of capacity for admitting light and colour. It can be read as quickly as the most hurried novel-reader can desire, and it will serve to pass an idle hour very pleasantly.

Among other novels and tales which want of space prevents us reviewing at length are the following:—"Years Ago," by Sydney Lever (Remington); "In London Town," by Katherine Lee (3 vols.: Bentley); "The Story of Meg," by M. A. Curtois (2 vols.: Remington); "Jenifer," by Annie Thomas (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); "Warleigh's Trust," by Emma Jane Worboise (James Clarke and Co.).



"THE Duke of Argyll's "Unity of Nature" (Strahan) is a sequel to his "Reign of Law." It by no means completes the subject. "Law in Christian Theology," the consideration of which naturally follows that of "Law in Politics," &c., his Grace found he could not approach without having applied to the problems which surround the question the solvent supplied by his title. What this unity of Nature is and what it is not; what is man's place in it, he being "the great exception;" how far unity may be predicated of Mind and Sensation; how instinct is an inspiration involving faith—are a few of his preliminary inquiries. They lead to "the comforting assurance that Mind is a structure and a mechanism; than which no stronger assurance can be given us that our Faculties when rightly used are Powers on which we can indeed rely." This is carrying the war into the enemy's country; and throughout the volume we feel a sense of that reaction which has caused such a rally in the orthodox ranks. This is specially clear in the chapters on man's moral character and his degradation. "The theory of primordial savagery" is no longer universally accepted among scientists. Savage man is as degenerate as civilised man is the reverse. Both have developed; but the former has gone in the wrong direction. War is one great cause of degradation, and the fearful way in which it has worked in America is forcibly brought before us in these pages; but so also is Reason in its downward developments,—those based, for instance, on a wrong conception of God. All this part of the book is intensely interesting, and is so clear as to be intelligible to the uneducated. The chapters on the origin of animal worship, and the inevitable degradation of the worship of humanity, appeal to every one; as do the remarks on the doubtful superiority of the modern ideas of God. The earlier part of the volume is harder reading because the matter handled is more abstruse; but it yields not a whit to the later chapters in importance or in clearness of treatment. The Duke has some very telling strictures on the vagueness of language of scientists and their rash assumptions. The whole book is a mine, which will repay careful working, of rich and subtle thought; and the proofs brought forward of the assertion that "wealth of mind is the one fact above all others observable in Nature, especially in the adaptations of organic life," are full and convincing.

In two big volumes, of some 650 pages each, the author of "Turkestan" makes of "Peter the Great" (Sampson Low) "a study of historical biography." Peter's life is not pleasant reading. He was a coarse savage, who insisted on developing Russia after his own fashion, casting aside the old culture, such as it was, as remorselessly as the Japs some time ago seemed inclined to cast aside their self-evolved civilisation. The result has not been satisfactory. Many of the present evils of Russia are due to Peter's determination to play the benevolent despot in his own way. Mr. Schuyler is very thorough, and he has been guided to the newest authorities by men like Professors Riumin of St. Petersburg, Brückner of Dorpat, and Annenstadt of Upsala. The reader of Voltaire will miss a good many of the legendary anecdotes, which Mr. Schuyler does not even think worth disproving. His views on several important points differ from those popularly entertained. Everybody knows about Saardam; but few are aware that what he himself did from choice, Peter forced on others. He sent fifty of the highest nobles, each with a soldier to look after him, to England, Holland, and Venice to learn shipbuilding. It must have been a trial to these men, most of them fathers of families, to have to herd with common sailors, and to be forbidden to return till they had got certificates attesting their proficiency. The result (we may almost call it a typical one) was that several of them became skilful diplomats, but not one distinguished himself in naval matters. But in one direction Peter's plans have uniformly succeeded. Mr. Schuyler thinks the "Testament" (brought into France by that discreditable authority, the Chevalier d'Eon) is a forgery; but the taking of Azov was the first step in an eastward movement which has never since been checked. In his love of practical jokes Peter somewhat resembles our own Cromwell; one thinks of the Protector and Vane inking one another's faces, when one reads how the Tsar made Duderhof, who hated Hungarian wine, drink so much of it, that he had to be rolled out into the snow to bring him to life again. The drinking (and eating) bouts are as extraordinary as anything in Mr. Schuyler's narrative. His summing up is, that Peter was premature in bringing Russia into the circle of European politics. The book supplies a definite want, and will be invaluable to the student of Russian history.

As different from Mr. Schuyler in style as in subject is Mr. Gardiner, whose seventh volume of the "History of England, from 1603 to 1642" (Longmans), takes us to 1635. To the English reader, the events leading up to the Civil War must always be amongst the most important in our annals, and Mr. Gardiner's exhaustive treatment of them is so well-known that we need not say a word about it. In this new edition he has got from Mr. Christie further facts about Leighton, some of which came so late that they have to be set down in the preface. The handiness of these volumes, and their apparatus of dates, marginal summaries, &c., make them pleasant to read and admirable for reference.

Mr. Forshall may well say that now or never is the time to put on record the fast-fading usages of such an institution as "Westminster School" (Wyman). He has done this in a volume of 600 pages, and in a way which will ensure him not only the gratitude of all old "Westminsters," but of the general public. Old Ginger and Jimmy Smidmore and the "Monos," and the "challenges" in Greek and Latin, have more interest for the former. For the latter there is the long bead-roll of distinguished pupils—Hakluyt, George Herbert, Atterbury, Gibbon, George Colman the Younger, and so many more; and also the present state and future prospects of one of the most important of our public schools.

Some time ago we regretted that in a reprint from *Fraser*, the old quarrel between Alaric Watts and Dr. Maginn should have been brought to light. We suppose this republication gave Mr. A. A. Watts no other course than to tell the story *ab initio*. The age was one of gross personalities, of which those between Lord Lytton and Lord Tennyson are a faint shadow; and when, in such an age, Mr. Watts wrote on Dr. Maginn the stinging lines lately reproduced by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, the least he could expect was to have his love of Art satirised by being exhibited as "flying down stairs with a picture under each arm and a countenance indicative of caution." His son must pardon us if we think that he might have compressed "Alaric Watts: the Narrative of His Life" (Bentley) into one volume. The poetry is certainly of a high order; but it is well to know what our grandmothers were satisfied with in the *Annals* with which Mr. Watts's





THE EXPULSION OF THE QUAKERS FROM MASSACHUSETTS, 1660



name is inseparably connected; and the letters introduce us to many people—the Howitts, Constable, Macready, &c.—whom it is at all times pleasant to meet.

"The Life of Sir David Wedderburn, Bart., M.P." (Kegan Paul), was a very active one; and therefore his journals, out of which chiefly his sister has compiled this volume, are unusually interesting. All kinds of matter, South Ayrshire election speeches; speeches in support of his hobby; woman's suffrage; magazine articles; mingle with a delightful account of his life in Edinburgh and the long holiday rides he used to make across the Lowlands, and with travel-notes in the United States, Australasia, China and Japan, South Africa, &c. The thoughts of such an observer are always valuable, often original. His remarks on Ireland deserve careful study. On his third visit, in 1880, speaking of Achill, he says: "It is impossible to detect any original advantage in the land now enclosed over what is still waste moor and bog. The labour of the cottier has made all the difference. Hence, eviction is felt to be confiscation." We have seldom met with a fuller or more suggestive volume.

Beautifully illustrated with photographs, woodcuts, and chromolithographs, is Mr. E. Backhouse's "Early Church History" (London: Hamilton Adams; Philadelphia: Lippincott). Epitaphs, mosaics (such as those of Felicitas and Perpetua at Ravenna), and other tangible records are made excellent use of; but Mr. Backhouse's chief reliance is on contemporary authorities. Long passages from Cyprian, Lactantius, Tertullian, &c., give wonderful freshness to the work. The state of the heathen world, the question of infant baptism and of the maintenance of ministers, the growth of relic-worship are very candidly dealt with; while stories like "The Thundering Legion" and "The Martyrdom of St. Alban" are acknowledged to be apocryphal. The book is far the best popular work we have seen on the subject. From beginning to end it is as engrossing as a novel; and the brief notice of Mr. Backhouse himself, who was a Quaker of Sunderland, fitly precludes what is in every sense a remarkable volume.

Mr. G. M. Tait's "Notes of Lessons on St. Matthew" (Sunday School Institute) are very useful for elder classes. They give teaching enough, without falling into the common error of becoming mechanical.

Those who have the musical ear, and those who have it not, will be alike pleased by "My Musical Life" (Allen and Co.), a book in which the Rev. H. R. Haweis takes the world into his confidence, by pleasantly relating his own experience of the art of music, and of its great masters. Moreover, he tells us a great deal about the history of those products of Cremona, the masterpieces of Amati, of Stradivarius, and of Guarnerius. His description of Wagner is well worth reading, and every one will be glad to learn that the great composer once "favoured" Mr. Haweis with a kiss. "He advanced towards me," says the author, "as I suddenly entered the room, with, 'Ach, mein lieber Herr Haweis, was haben Sie über mich schön geschrieben!' and so saying, taking me by both elbows, he saluted me on both cheeks in the orthodox manner." Mr. Haweis tried to induce Victor Hugo to say a good word for Wagner, but utterly failed. "Monseigneur," replied the sublime egotist, "il a dit beaucoup de mal de mon pays—il a insulté la France. I cannot bear his music." This book is a really delightful mélange of the historical, the autobiographical, and the artistic.

Books of travel, more particularly when they deal with the weird, bleak Polar regions, are rarely unwelcome, and the public will thank Deputy Inspector-General R. M'Cormick, R.N., F.R.C.S., for his "Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas" (Sampson Low and Co.). Dr. M'Cormick has seen much, and tells his story of adventure in a simple, manly, and unpretending manner. He evidently appreciated the romance of life in lands and seas but rarely visited by human beings. He was a keen sportsman, and he is never weary of relating his exploits with his gun. The scenes described can be the more easily realised as the two volumes of the work are profusely illustrated.

"Simiocracy" (Blackwood and Sons), by the author of "Post Mortem," is a satire dealing with the Twentieth Century. Admitting inferior races to the electoral franchise, Radicals at length consider the claims of the Oran Otani. The monkeys get the franchise and swamp the constituencies, with calamitous results. The central idea of "Simiocracy" is clever; but the point of the satire is not always easy to grasp, and obscurity of meaning detracts in some degree from its interest.

Dr. Blatherwick, in his "Personal Recollections of Peter Stonor, Esq." (Chapman and Hall), gives us a book full of very charming humour. Mr. Stonor is a country gentleman of great simplicity and amiability of character, and is victimised in a playful manner both by friends and foes. His autobiography illustrates his *naïveté* excellently well, and will be generally read with pleasure. The illustrations, by Messrs. Guthrie and Boyd, are capital in their way. Peter's face is not one to be readily forgotten.—The methods of engraving are not very widely understood, perhaps; but Mr. Shirley Hodson, in his "Guide to Art Illustration" (Sampson Low and Co.), gives the history of the progress made in the art from the earliest times down to the present; and, to those who read this work, such words and phrases as "plate engraving," "etching," "wood engraving," "lithography," "alotype," "heliotype," &c., need no longer be mysterious. The whole question of Art Illustration is dealt with in a very thorough-going and conscientious way, and the progress from crude beginnings to a state of comparative perfection is clearly and intelligently traced. The illustrations explanatory of the text are good.

A book suitable to the time is "Tonkin," by C. B. Norman (Chapman and Hall). It deals very exhaustively with the whole question of French Colonial Policy, more particularly in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. The only pleasant feature in this story of mistaken enterprise is the heroic gallantry of such adventurers as Garnier, Dupuis, Hautefeuille, and Rivière. Captain Norman seems to prove that although the acquisition of Tonkin may not do France much good, it may do us harm in the event of a naval war, as the coal-fields in that country would supply France with the all-essential material for her steam-cruisers. Captain Norman increases the usefulness of his valuable narrative by the excellent maps that accompany it.

Not among the least difficult of our Imperial problems is "South Africa," and in his book (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) Mr. J. S. Little informs us of what he knows on this subject. "South Africa" is, although ostentatiously lavish in arrangement of subjects, not quite as compact as might be desired. What Mr. Little relates of the coal and diamond fields, the product of wool, the culture of the vine and of the sugar-cane is interesting enough. But he is somewhat severe in his strictures on the manners of the Afrianders and the new immigrants. It is mere commonplace of ordinary knowledge that colonies in their earlier stages, and where they attract the wilder youth, present certain social peculiarities. On one matter of very great importance—the relations between the Dutch and Anglo-Saxon races—we are not much wiser for Mr. Little's book. He has scarcely acted up to the Chaucerian motto on his title-page:—

Not oo word spak he more than was neede.

In "Pity for the Perishing" (James Clarke and Co.), Mr. Holden Pike gives the history of the noble work done by self-denying philanthropists during the last fifty years among the London poor. Bad as the condition of "Outcast London" is to-day, it was infinitely worse at the beginning of the century; and Mr. Pike shows

us how much voluntary effort was able to do before the State turned its attention seriously to the subject.

In "The Land and the Labourers" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) the Rev. C. W. Stubbs, M.A., gives us the result of his experiments in the matter of small allotments. He seems to have found that, as a matter of fact, the concentrated effort of the labourer on what was his own had a marvellous effect on the productiveness of the soil. All he says goes to bear out what Mr. Jefferies so ably insisted on in a valuable article in the February number of *Longman's*.

It may be doubted whether dialogue is the best form in which to enunciate views on any subject, but "Antipodes," who has written "The Revelations of Common Sense" (E. W. Allen), seems to have thought so. Common Sense disposes very effectually of the unfortunate puppet controversialist whom he sets up against himself. Common Sense, it may be said, is shockingly heterodox; but still the same method of controversy, if we are not mistaken, is freely used by the orthodox.

A much more pleasing book than "Common Sense" is "Ideas" (Macmillan and Co.), a translation from a portion of Heinrich Heine's "Reisebilder," by "J. M.," and it appears to be very well done. We wish the translator had found a place for the grand and immortal "Bergstümme;" but still we are glad to get in good English that charming little chapter on the song of the unwept tear.

"The Shareholders' Legal Guide," by Alfred Emden (William Clowes and Sons), contains much to interest those who have a right to feel an interest in joint-stock and other companies. There is in the book a mass of useful information in a handy form.—In "Hardy Perennials" (Upcott Gill), by John Wood, will be found, in scientific order, an account of the wants and properties of those plants best suited to the gardener for borders, rockeries, and shrubberies.

Mr. E. J. Chinnock, M.A., LL.B., London, gives to the public a translation of "The Anabasis of Alexander by Arrian the Nicomedean" (Hodder and Stoughton). Arrian is perhaps not so well known as he should be. Moreover, Alexander had a great deal to do with countries that are daily acquiring more popular interest in this country for themselves. Mr. Chinnock appears to have done his work in a very creditable fashion.

We have received two volumes of the "Universal Library" (Routledge and Sons), which Mr. Henry Morley edits: Daniel Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year," and Locke's "Treatise on Civil Government." These reprints of important old books of course will add to the total value of the series. Defoe's realistic pictures of London's terrible calamity are in their way unequalled; and, when public opinion is so largely directed to problems of government, it is well that the work of so illustrious a thinker as Locke should be before the world in a cheap and handy form.

Of new books and new editions, which we have no space to review at length, we should especially mention Mr. Robert Hammond's "The Electric Light in Our Homes" (Frederick Warne), which contains a most interesting account of the practical application of electric illumination to domestic use, together with a comparative table of its relative cost with that of gas. The work is so popularly and plainly written that the most unscientific of ladies can understand it. Next on our list is "Children in Norway," a "book for boys and girls," by "Pater, F.G.S., F.R.H.S.,"—a work of the veritable "Mr. Barlow" type, in which fearfully precocious children and pedantic elders hold highly instructive but terribly prosy conversations about botany and geology, and scientific matters in general. "Pater" and his charges took a very interesting trip, and might have given a far better record of their experiences. A more avowedly educational book is "The Child's Bible Expositor," by S. E. Scholes (John Heywood), which has now reached its sixth edition. Turning to more temporal subjects, Mr. Frederick Snelling has written a useful little manual, "The House Purchaser's Guide" (T. Fisher Unwin), which gives brief but concise directions how to detect the weak points of a house, especially in the sanitary arrangements. Another useful manual is "Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls," by William Blaikie (S. Low). This little work, which originally appeared in New York, gives full descriptions, amply illustrated by above fifty diagrams, of simple gymnastic exercises for children, which require no complicated apparatus, and at the same time exercise every possible muscle of the body—an invaluable book for parents of children who live in towns. Yet another Transatlantic reproduction is Mr. John Burroughs' "Locusts and Wild Honey" (David Douglas), a collection of very prettily-written natural history essays. A more solid book, though not containing thirty pages, is "The Chotts of Tunis," by Edward Dumergue, M.R.A.S. (W. H. Allen), in which the proposed scheme for creating an inland lake in Northern Africa is discussed, and a history of the sea, as it originally existed, is traced out. We have received the first part of Mr. Francis George Heath's "Fern Portfolio" (S. Low)—a series of life-size reproductions in *fac-simile* of the fronds of ferns, with accompanying letter-press descriptions. The present example is the Royal Fern (*Osmunda regalis*). Messrs. Low also send us the "Irish Birthday Book," arranged by "Melusine," in which Hibernian patriots will find chronicled all the natal anniversaries of their national heroes, from St. Patrick to Charles Parnell, while a couple of verses or extracts from some Irish writer or orator mark each day. Finally we have to acknowledge the first parts of Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s re-issue of the "Book of the Horse" and of the "Technical Educator;" Part I. of Letts' "County Atlas," containing maps of Hants, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; and a "Bird's-Eye View of the Egyptian Soudan" from Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co.

#### LORD TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON, one of twelve children, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6th, 1809. The village is not far from the Fens, in a pretty pastoral district of softly-sloping hills and large ash trees. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., Rector of Somersby, was a tall, striking, impressive man, full of accomplishments and parts, and from him the sons must have inherited their poetic gifts. For two others were poets, though not so widely known as Alfred. Frederick, the eldest, wrote a very imaginative volume of poems; and the sonnets of Charles Tennyson—better known as Charles Turner—are highly appreciated.

It was a thoroughly healthy, happy life which was lived at the old white rectory on the slope of a hill. "They were a noble little clan of poets and of knights, coming of a knightly race, with castles to defend, with mimic tournaments to fight." When evening came, they beguiled the hours by the recital of long imaginative stories. The mother of the family, a sweet, kind-hearted, fervently religious woman, continued to live on at Somersby after her husband's death.

When quite a little boy, his brother Charles one Sunday handed Alfred a slate, and bade him write some verses on the flowers in the garden. After a while the future Laureate brought back the slate covered with blank verse, modelled on Thomson's "Seasons," the only poetry he had ever read—"Yes, you can write," said Charles.

Charles was a better prophet than his grandfather, who bade Alfred write an elegy on his grandmother, then lately dead. When the task was done he gave the boy ten shillings, saying, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last." Perhaps this incident occurred just after Alfred, in conjunction with his brother Charles,

had actually published a small volume of poems, while still a scholar at Louth Grammar School. The publication of volumes of verse by schoolboys is an enterprise which does not usually commend itself to prudent relatives.

Many a man has written University Prize Poems, and yet failed to win the world's ear. While at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1829, Alfred Tennyson gained the Chancellor's Medal by a poem in blank verse, entitled "Timbuctoo." But unlike most University lads, he went on writing, publishing small volumes (now sought after by bibliophiles as most precious rarities) in 1830, 1832, and after by bibliophiles as most precious rarities) in 1830, 1832, and 1833. A band of appreciators, small at first, but steadily increasing, eagerly devoured these works; but it was not till 1842, when, after an augmented edition of his poems, in two volumes, he brought out an augmented edition of his poems, in two volumes, that he became famous. Even in 1850, after the publication of "In Memoriam," when it was proposed that Tennyson should succeed Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, Sir Robert Peel was obliged to confess that he had read none of his poetry.

By this time the happy home at Somersby had been broken up by marriages and other domestic events, and the poet came to London. He lived in the Temple, then at 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields (where "The Princess" first saw the light), and then at Twickenham, having meanwhile married the eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Sellwood. He first made her acquaintance at Somersby.

Alfred Tennyson, as the most unobservant reader of his poetry cannot fail to discover, is a thorough man of the country. He is not really at home on the pavements and under the glare of the gas. Stress of circumstances had driven him to London, but, as soon as fame had brought money, he returned to his old love, settling with his wife at Farringford, Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight.

"The house at Farringford seemed like a charmed palace, with green walls without and speaking walls within. Books filled the shelves; and the great oriel drawing-room window was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds, and of the distant sea."

The country round Farringford is lovely, and here were spent some of the happiest years of the poet's middle life. But fame has its drawbacks; the world is anxious to set eyes on those who have done exceptional things; sightseers (even from across the Atlantic) lay in wait for the bard, and he, being of a shy, sensitive temperament, began to feel that he could not venture out for a walk without annoyance.

So, at all events during the summer months, when tourists abound, he fled from Farringford, and dwelt in a house designed for him by his staunch friend Mr. James Knowles, who is an architect as well as an able editor. This house, at Aldworth, Surrey, stands on the summit of a high lonely hill. "It is of white stone, with many broad windows, facing a great view. There is a long terrace, with a low parapet of stone, where ivies and roses are trained. On a bright day, a little procession may be seen coming along this terrace walk. Mr. Tennyson, in his broad hat, goes first, dragging the garden chair in which Mrs. Tennyson lies (she is an invalid); perhaps one son is pushing from behind; while another follows with rugs and cushions for the rest of the party. If the little grandsons and their young mother is there, the family group is complete."

There are but two children, both sons—Hallam and Lionel. Hallam, who is at present unmarried, has been for years past the adviser, friend, and companion of his father and mother at home. Lionel, the younger, who holds an appointment in the India Office, is married to the daughter of Mr. Frederick Locker (an interesting intertwining of poet-families), by whom he has three sons. Their grandfather has immortalised the two elder of these lads in a poetical dedication: "Little golden-haired Ally, and Charlie babbling of life's new wine."

It is sufficient here to chronicle the fact that Alfred Tennyson has recently been created Baron Tennyson. This ennoblement may gratify his descendants, but cannot add to the lustre of his fame.

With reference to his habits, "he works alone in the early hours of the morning, and comes down long after his own frugal meal is over to find his guests assembling round the social breakfast-table. He generally goes out for a walk before luncheon, with a son and a friend, perhaps, and followed by a couple of dogs." Like "Leviathan" Hobbes, and Thomas Carlyle, he dearly loves a pipe of tobacco.

For much of the foregoing we have to express our acknowledgments to a charming article by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (Miss Thackeray) in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*.

#### BANISHED

FROM MASSACHUSETTS, 1660

OVER the threshold of his pleasant home,  
Set in green clearings, passed the exiled Friend,  
In simple trust, misdoubting not the end.  
"Dear heart of mine!" he said, "the time has come  
To trust the Lord for shelter." One long gaze  
The goodwife turned on each familiar thing—  
The lowing kine, the orchard blossoming,  
The open door that showed the hearth-fire's blaze—  
And calmly answered, "Yea, He will provide."  
Silent and slow they crossed the homestead's bound,  
Lingering the longest by their child's grave-mound.  
"Move on, or stay and hang!" the sheriff cried.  
They left behind them more than home or land,  
And set sad faces to an alien strand.

Safer with winds and waves than human wrath,  
With ravening wolves than those whose zeal for God  
Was cruelty to man, the exiles trod  
Drear leagues of forest without guide or path,  
Or, launching frail boats on the uncharted sea,  
Round storm-vexed capes, whose teeth of granite ground  
The waves to foam, their perilous way they wound,  
Enduring all things so their souls were free.  
Oh, true confessors, shaming them who did  
Anew the wrong their Pilgrim fathers bore!  
For you the *Mayflower* spread her sail once more,  
Freighted with souls, to all that duty bid  
Faithful as they who sought an unknown land,  
O'er wintry seas, from Holland's Hook of Sand!

Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely shores,  
And Indian-haunted Narragansett saw  
The way-worn travellers round their camp-fires draw,  
Or heard the plashing of their weary oars.  
And every place whereon they rested grew  
Happier for pure and gracious womanhood,  
And men whose names for stainless honor stood,  
Founders of States and rulers wise and true.  
The Muse of history yet shall make amends  
To those who freedom, peace, and justice taught,  
Beyond their dark age led the van of thought,  
And left unforfeited the name of Friends.  
O mother State, how foiled was thy design!  
The gain was theirs, the loss alone was thine.

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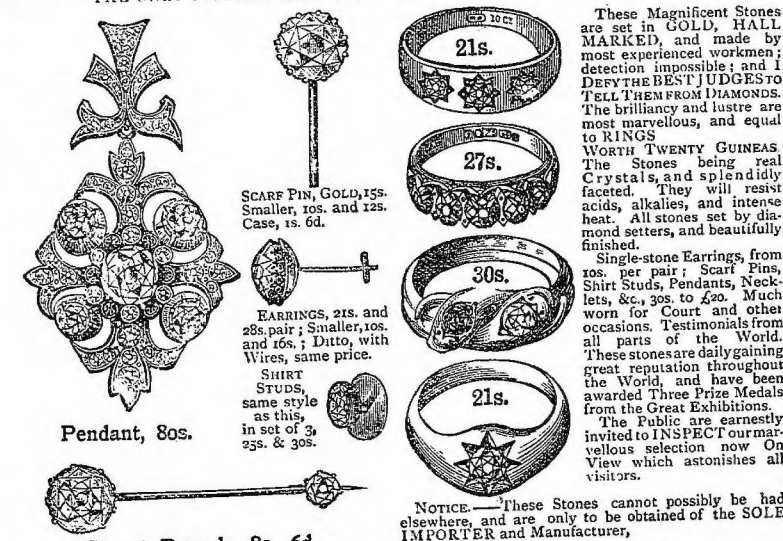
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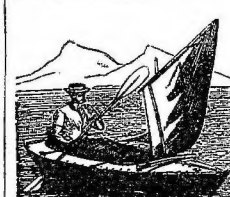
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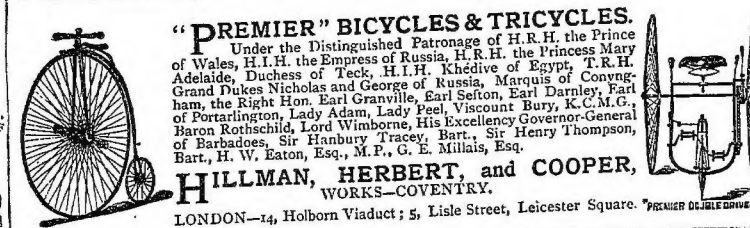
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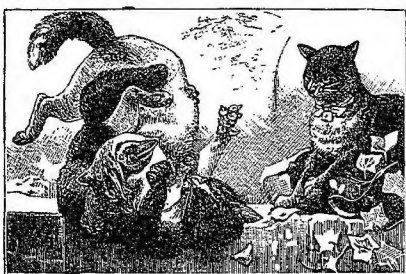
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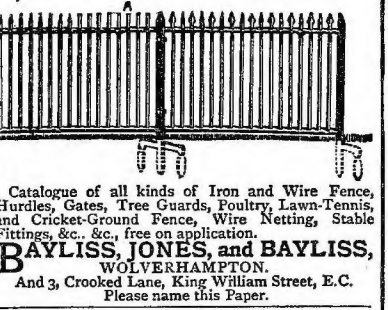
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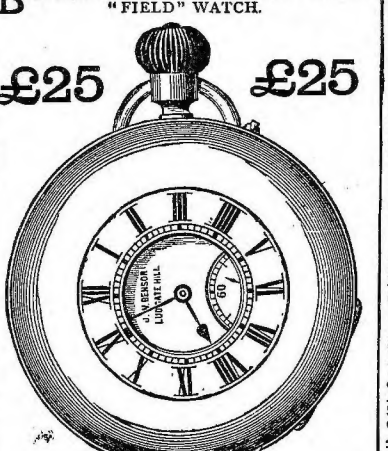
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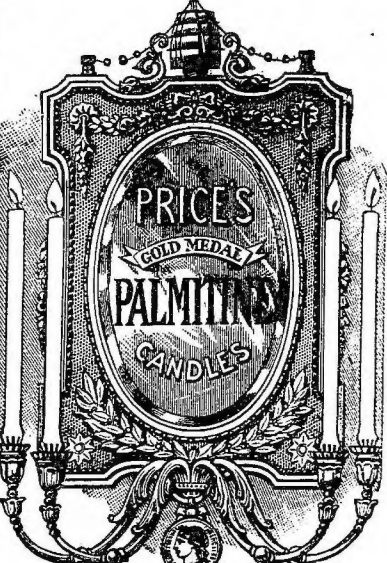


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